50 CENTS
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MAY 12, 1972

THIS ISSUE:
An Angry Look at
Nobel Prizes—see page 522

NATIONAL REVIEW

Whatever happens in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, God bless them...An American liberal fingers two paradoxes of intellectual conservatism in America; Jeffrey Hart & James Burnham reply... Selden Rodman looks beyond the prosperity in Brazil... exit Vol. xxiv, No. 18...

(triumphantly)

ROY E SMITH
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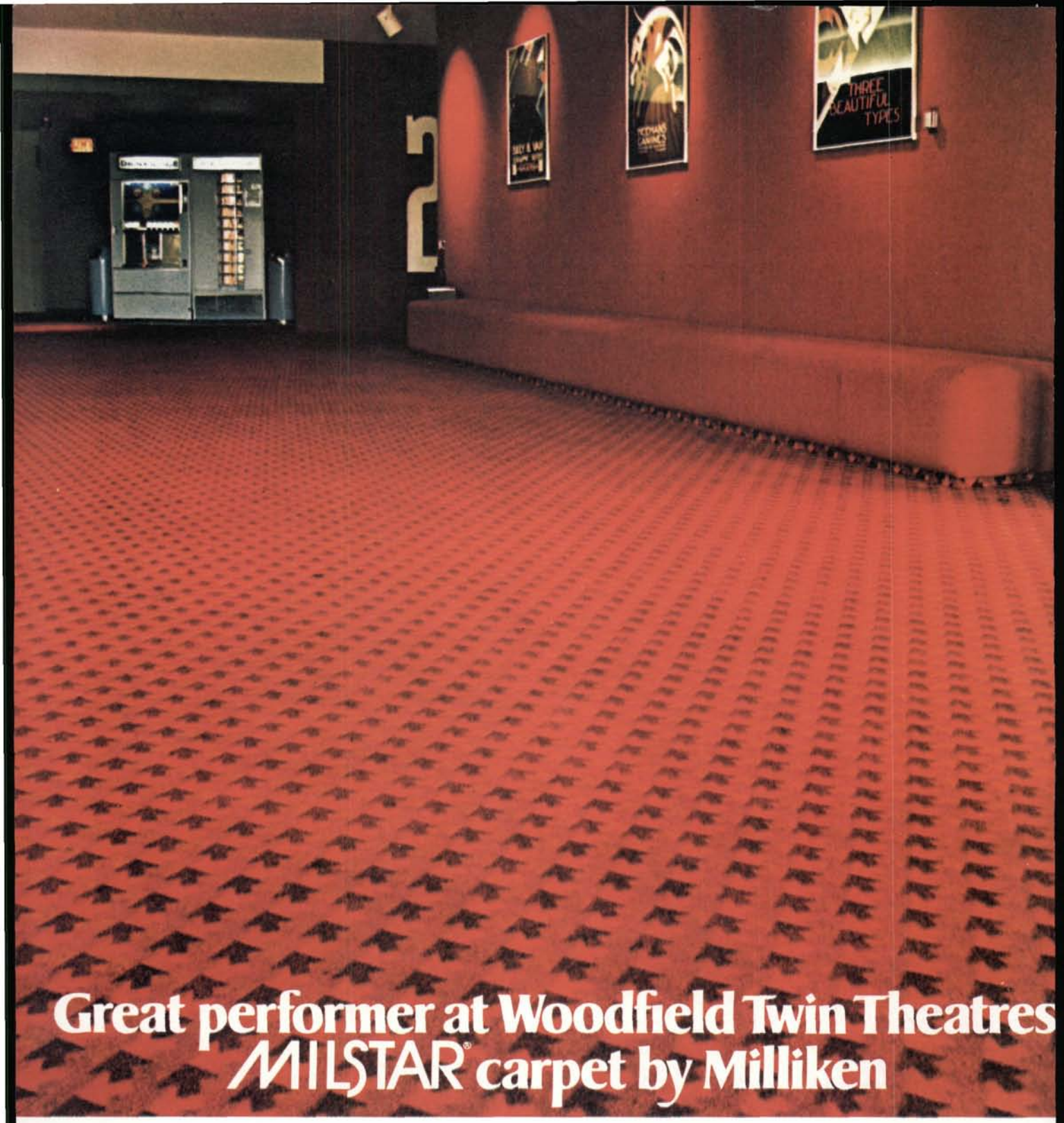

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Will you survive the next crash?

Harry Schultz says it's coming — probably in 1973 or 1974. Are you protected? Are you taking the steps that could double, even triple your money?

Most people were hit hard in the 1969-70 market. It was only a hint of the panic ahead, says financial expert Harry Schultz.

Must you stand by helpless, while your life savings melt away like an ice cube in July? While friends and other investors walk around dazed, ruined? Not at all! You still have time to take the steps Dr. Schultz spells out for you in his new handbook of financial protection, *Panics & Crashes and How You Can Make Money Out of Them.*

WARNING SIGNS

Harry Schultz shows you how to make sure the next panic won't take you by surprise.

- Four symptoms of the coming panic. How to act on them.
- Before the thermometer bursts: how to calculate when inflation will destroy our currency . . . or any foreign currency.
- The worldwide "X" factor.
- Two rules for beating the panic. (Never forget them.)

Much of the Schultz expertise grows out of his knowledge of yesterday's panics and crashes: why they happened, and how the canny few were able to see what was in store and come out ahead.

- The psychology of panics. Why most people *have* to be optimistic. How to make the herd instinct work for you.
- What your broker won't tell you.
- Learning from history: the South Sea Bubble. Credit vulnerability and the Mississippi Company of 18th-century France. How it resembles America's fiscal position today.
- The Six Steps of the Vicious Cycle.
- William Durant, Bernard Baruch, Robert Rhea, Joseph Kennedy: financial wizards who made fortunes while others were losing theirs. How you can imitate them (even if on a smaller scale).
- The classic cyclical movements. The Kitchen Cycle; the Shipbuilding Cycle; the Pig Cycle.
- How smart Brazilians survive galloping inflation.
- 1929 — granddaddy of all crashes. *Why its grandchild is just around the corner.*
- Winding down the Spanish-American War: the financial effects. A clue for post-Vietnam America.
- Jesse ("The Trader") Livermore's two outstanding techniques for stock market profits.
- Four ways shrewd investors made money out of the great German inflation.

HOW TO GUARD YOUR MONEY BEFORE THE NEXT CRASH

There's nothing tricky about Dr. Schultz's advice. No magic formula. No mumbo-jumbo. Just a series of sensible alternatives, each one tailored for a different type of person.

Some are frankly speculative (great rewards here, but some risks too). Some promise sizable capital gains, with minimal risks. Some are geared to people who must protect the money they now have.

- How to use debt as a hedge.
- Two good bonds to buy. Two to avoid like the plague (even though one is always peddled as a "blue chip").
- The Schultz Gold Portfolio: eleven gold stocks recommended. Their current status. Their potential.
- Two legal ways to own gold (plus one intriguing technique you'll want to check out with your lawyer).
- The three foreign currencies that look sound for investors.
- Some little-known prospects for safety.
- The one indispensable source of information for gold coin collectors.
- How to move funds from one country to another in times of financial crisis.
- The three tests for capital survival. Can your money pass all three?

WHO NOT TO LISTEN TO

The main reason so many investors and savers get caught in a crash is that they live in a fool's paradise. They accept all the conventional wisdom, all the cliches that government and banking and Wall Street have a stake in fostering. *But it is precisely the failure of these cliches that brings on panics and crashes — and suffering for millions of helpless people.*

Harry Schultz takes a hard look at these cliches. Careful men and women will want to ponder his words:

- Does your broker tell you that common stocks are the best hedge against inflation? Harry Schultz looks at history — and his answer should make you review your own portfolio.
- Two reasons why Schultz warns against silver.
- The booby trap buried in hedge funds.
- Commodity futures: too wild for the average man? Two facts the speculators had better not forget.
- One area where it pays to be skeptical of your broker.
- Convertible debentures: sound hedge, or phony?
- Common stocks today: the dangers ahead. Why so few pros can make them pay.
- Schultz on real estate: what you must do with your property — *now*.

BANKS: SOME AREN'T AS SAFE AS YOU THINK

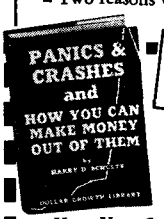
- The only kind of bank that passes all three survival tests.
- The one kind of bank to avoid at all costs.
- Two things you should look for on a bank's balance sheet.
- Fourteen advantages of Swiss banks. Eight services they can perform for you.
- The FDIC: a house of cards?
- Another domestic savings institution you should be warned about.

WHAT HAPPENS TO YOUR MONEY IF HARRY SCHULTZ IS WRONG?

Everyone hopes he is. A depression is a horrible experience for most people.

Fortunately, as Dr. Schultz explains, if you take his advice but there is no crash, you'll still keep your money safe — and even increase it!

And if the worst does happen, you'll be one of the few who come out better than before.



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NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XXIV No. 18 MAY 12, 1972

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

Peter L. Berger—sociologist (the New School for Social Research), author (*A Rumor of Angels*; he's on their side) and liberal-with-conservative-tendencies—believes he has isolated two paradoxes in American intellectual conservatism that prevent it from functioning as effectively as it ought. Two leading conservative intellectuals, Professor **Jeffrey Hart** of Dartmouth and **James Burnham**, beg to differ. Let the debate begin. . . . **Selden Rodman** turns a poet's eye on Brazil's astonishing economic recovery—accomplished without expropriation of American property—and some of the troubles it now faces. . . . Scholar and population expert **William Petersen** suggests practical conservative approaches to the vexed question of population control. . . . **Max Geltman** regrets the Nobel Prize awarded to Communist poet Pablo Neruda, and takes heart from the Nobel Committee's 71-year history of silliness. . . . The Berlin Wall opened, just a crack, during Holy Week/Passover; **David Brudnoy** was there. . . . And this is our Spring Book Issue, offering an expanded book section—the very last crop of reviews gathered by the late Frank S. Meyer. —CHS

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FOR THE RECORD

■ They're falling all over themselves to get on the **McGovern** bandwagon. Signing up in recent days: N.Y. Assemblyman and radical chic-er **Andrew Stein** (he's the one who threw the **César Chavez** and **American Indian** parties in Southampton before **Lenny Bernstein** got in his licks with the Panthers); **Jerry Rubin** and **Abbie Hoffman** of the Chicago Seven (Rubin made his dramatic announcement at the counterculture klatsch thrown by *more* magazine in New York last week); all of the **ADA** (although the ADA refrained from calling the candidacy of founding father **Hubert Humphrey** "unacceptable"); newly re-elected ADA Chairman **Allard Lowenstein, John Kenneth Galbraith, Kathleen Kennedy** (Bobby Kennedy's daughter), Rep. **Paul McCloskey** (R., Calif.), and with any luck Father **Daniel Berrigan**. Father **Robert Drinan**, the radical Massachusetts congressman, has been trying to persuade Father Berrigan to campaign actively for McGovern. . . . Meanwhile, the *Militant*, organ of the Trotskyist **Socialist Workers Party**, which is fielding its own Presidential slate this year, has dug up this quote from a McGovern *New York Times* interview in 1965 which could prove most upsetting: "I support the strafing ordered by President **Johnson** [of North Vietnamese targets] because I agree when our forces are attacked and our interests are under fire, we have to respond with appropriate retaliation."

■ In Ohio, Sen. **Henry Jackson** is centering his attacks on McGovern because through him the "extremism of the Left is gaining a respectability which it ought not to have in the Democratic Party." . . . In Los Angeles, **Sam Yorty**, who insists he is still in the race and is sending out press releases to prove it, also charges that McGovern is being "used by radicals" to "move from successful radicalization of many campuses to radicalization of the Democratic Party." . . . Just come to light, fact that Muskie spent $473,000 in Wisconsin to come in fourth. **Wallace**, who spent $366 (that's right, $366), came in second. . . . Wallace, incidentally, says he will arrive in Miami Beach with between three hundred and four hundred delegates committed to him. . . . No active Democratic candidate

Backes, *Allgemeine Zeitung*, Mainz Ben Roth

". . . and I thought biological warfare was outlawed!"

was invited to address United Auto Workers convention in Atlantic City last week. But **Teddy Kennedy** was there, to discuss his program for a compulsory national health plan. Before convention was over, UAW President **Leonard Woodcock**, an earlier Muskie enthusiast, had indicated he might support a Kennedy candidacy.

■ Jackson got roundly booed by University of Ohio audience when he told them he supported President **Nixon**'s Indochina policy because the people of South Vietnam "need to be defended from Northern invaders." . . . Sen. **John Sherman Cooper**, author (with **Frank Church**) of last year's withdrawal proposal, has come out in support of renewed bombing because, he says, he fears without it a "Dunkirk type situation" might develop for our remaining troops in Vietnam. . . . In forefront of the pro-Administration faction in the Senate debate were Senators **Barry Goldwater, James Buckley, Hiram Fong** and **Harry Byrd**. . . . Recent findings by the **Albert Sindlinger** polling organization show the North Vietnamese attack on the South has increased hawkish sentiment in the country which has gone from 23.3 per cent to 31.4 since the bombing was ordered, while doveish sentiment rose only from 19.8 per cent to 20.3 per cent. In political terms, Sindlinger says this has been reflected in higher ratings for Nixon and increased support for George Wallace. "[I have never seen] a shift in political attitudes to equal the Democratic movement toward Wallace in the last fifteen days," he says.

■ On the Feminist front: thirteen states have now passed **Equal Rights Amendment**, three (Oklahoma, Vermont, Connecticut) have turned it down. Ten of the eighteen women in the Conn. legislature voted against it. . . . In Stockholm, the magazine *Femina* has voted **Angela Davis** its Woman of the Year—former awardees, **Bernadette Devlin** and Mrs. **Coretta King**. . . . In Washington a feminist newsletter *Woman Activist* has come up with its own index on Senate votes. Only George McGovern among the candidates rated 100 per cent, Muskie, Jackson and Humphrey did less well, having missed some of the critical votes. Sen. James Buckley of New York, did worst. He missed one vote, voted wrong on the other three, was rated zero.

■ In Saugus, California, voting registrar **Joe Kehiayan** reports 278 Jesus people have registered to vote in recent days, all as Republicans. **Gail Bingham**, a former drug user, told Kehiayan they were doing so because "Democrats are too soft on drugs. Republicans will not be pushed into legalizing marijuana."

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LETTERS

Frank S. Meyer, RIP

I do not know any figure in American conservatism who is quite so irreplaceable. In spite of the fact that he was a working journalist, he had a gift for passing over all the merely transient and accidental aspects of current issues, and fixing on those that had permanent significance. More than any of the rest of us, he sought to reconcile differences within the conservative camp, and fortnight by fortnight to keep steadily elaborating a coherent philosophy.
Wilton, Conn. HENRY HAZLITT

I shall always best remember Frank for a kindness, an openness, an unalterable youth that still makes me think, more than I would of anyone of our generation, that someone has gone whose whole life still lay before him. So much never-cooling humanity has gone with him.
New York, N.Y. MURRAY KEMPTON

Although we never managed to time a meeting, I really think of Frank as a personal friend—it would probably take an Einstein to calculate how many hours of phone conversations we chalked up together. Besides, he really was something of a literary patron and father figure for me.
Washington, D.C. ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

Beatus sum servus quem cum venerit Dominus invenerit vigilantem.
New York, N.Y. JAMES P. MCFADDEN

I can't tell you how deeply I grieve for you and his family who need him so. And I grieve for what he meant to *NR* and through *NR* to the country. There is no time for such a man to be spared; no one can replace him.
New York, N.Y. SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE

Not only a courageous leader has gone, but also a man of great purity of soul. I feel very thankful that before his end he took the step which his foot had begun already so many years ago and joined the Church. The step very fittingly crowned a life of dedication, wavering only in the sense that it shifted from error to truth, but unwavering in its selflessness.
South Bend, Ind. GERHART NIEMEYER

I have thought of him many times during the past months, of how much he added to the meetings of the Philadelphia Society, for example, with his knowledge of history, his experience, his strongly held opinions and his ability to express himself. We owe a great debt to him, more than most of us realize.
Chicago, Ill. HENRY REGNERY

Frank was a noble exception to Yeats' rule that, in our age, only "the worst are full of passionate intensity." Frank was among the very best of men, and he demonstrated the rule of civilization: Passionately held beliefs can be—must be—advocated with passion, but also with a gentleman's honor and sense of fair play.
Washington, D.C. GEORGE F. WILL

I shall cherish the memory of his friendship, especially in my prayers.
South Bend, Ind. CLARENCE MANION

We share your loss in the passing of a gallant fighter for freedom. We are proud to have been able to call Frank our friend.
MARY AND MORRIE RYSKIND
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Deeply moved by his baptism. Our prayers here are with you. His prayers are with us.
Dallas, Tex. FREDERICK D. WILHELMSEN

Frank Meyer was a good editor, a good colleague, and a good man.
Washington, D.C. RONALD S. BERMAN

For me, among all the "politicals" I have known, Frank was something special, something specially human, not just a political machine or a thinking machine, like too many others, but a marvelously warm and uproarious human being.
New York, N.Y. MOSHE DECTER

His contribution to NATIONAL REVIEW was inestimable and his absence will leave a great void.
Forest Hills, N.Y. MRS. A. E. BONBRAKE

He was a true patriot who gave of himself for the cause we believe in.
New York, N.Y. DEVIN A. GARRITY

This is to say how much all of us who ever knew Frank were affected by him, moved in the direction of goodness.
Malibu, Calif. JOAN DIDION

He is one of my heroes. It is common to use the word "courageous" of such men of his generation. I would prefer to use the word "charitable." It is charity and generosity that leads men to Marxism in the first place. It is an even greater exercise of charity that leads them to break with it.
Valley Forge, Pa. SHELDON M. SMITH

It is a joy to have been his friend. Of all his many talents, none was greater than his talent for friendship.
Lugano, Switzerland WILLI SCHLAMM

How terribly sad for Elsie and the boys and for all of us.
New York, N.Y. MAX AND RAE GELTMAN

I shall miss him much, that familiar voice over the telephone, calling at odd times
Sandwich, Mass. FRANCIS RUSSELL

I am sorry to learn of the death of Frank Meyer. I have met him no more than two or three times, and I was always greatly impressed by his sincerity, as well as by the intensity of his convictions. His death must be a great loss to NATIONAL REVIEW and to all of you personally.
Stanford, Calif. ERIC VOEGELIN

The world has lost a great mind and a great spirit, and I have lost a friend.
Washington, D.C. RALPH DE TOLEDANO

I learned the dreadful—and incredible—news two days ago, just as I was leaving Aix-en-Provence for Paris and New York. What can I say? I feel with you, and feel like crying.
New York, N.Y. THOMAS MOLNAR

In Defense of Freedom was for me—and I'm sure for many others—a most important book, and some of his essays certainly helped to form and shape my own ideas. But what matters far more, of course, is that he was a splendid man and a most loyal friend.
London, England ANTHONY LEJEUNE

The memorial section on Frank Meyer [April 28] is one of *NR*'s finest efforts. And how enthusiastically, how honestly, those several articles must have come from their authors' pens. Frank's loss touches so many of us. He had more sons than Gene and John. He was the mentor of hundreds of us over the years. Your writers have given a true picture of Frank, have brought back memories to me of several years of those irascible telephone conversations, of the scene at Woodstock as C. H. Simonds so accurately recalls it, of the toughness, doggedness and love with which he approached the ideas, some of them half-baked, of his many disciples, myself included.
Boston, Mass. DAVID BRUDNOY

Szamek v. New Jersey

Count me as one who responded to Pierre Szamek's plea to wire Governor Cahill ["The Colonels Will Get You If You Don't Watch Out," April 14]. Please follow up this story. Allowing for subjective

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interpretation of administrative responses regarding one's own academic existence, Professor Szamek's article still reads like a nightmare from the Hitler years. Should these charges prove to be founded basically upon fact, we as conservatives have the opportunity to blow the whole lid off of the Department of Education in the state of New Jersey. Good luck to Professor Szamek, we will fight for the truth.
Chappaqua, N.Y. EUGENE A. THOMAS

I had wondered why so many New Jersey students came South to get an education; Professor Szamek's account of the New Jersey state college system explains everything.
Florence, S.C. JOHN T. HARLLEE

As a graduate student at Newark State College and a victim of its intellectual wasteland, I sympathize with Pierre Szamek's experience there and agree with his assessment of the intellectual inadequacy of most of the faculty. I do take issue, however, with his description of the college as "mediocrity by *plan*." From my experience, this is a gross overstatement.

Upon recently completing a course (conducted by a "professor" recruited from a local elementary school) wherein there was no textbook, no tests, no term paper and no class discussions, I questioned the basis for marking. The reply was: "My personal perception of you." Unbelievable!
Newark, N.J. NAME WITHHELD

Fulbright and Wallace

In your editorial "Fulbright Has a Vision" ["The Week," Feb. 4], you summarize an article Sen. J. William Fulbright wrote in the *New Yorker*, to the effect that "Henry Wallace in 1947 and 1948 . . . was really a prophet without honor in his own country, a 'brave individual,' that he, well, was *right*, and that President Truman was *wrong*." In fact, an article Wallace wrote in *Reader's Digest* in 1950, and a letter to me soon after that, show that he had fully awakened to the realities of Communism 22 years ago, while J. W. Fulbright is still fast asleep. What Wallace said then about Korea might almost apply to Vietnam today: "It is imperialist Communist Russia we are concerned with primarily, not China."

Fulbright cannot honestly cite Wallace's 1948 views in support of his present ones.
Winston-Salem, N.C. ROY L. DEAL

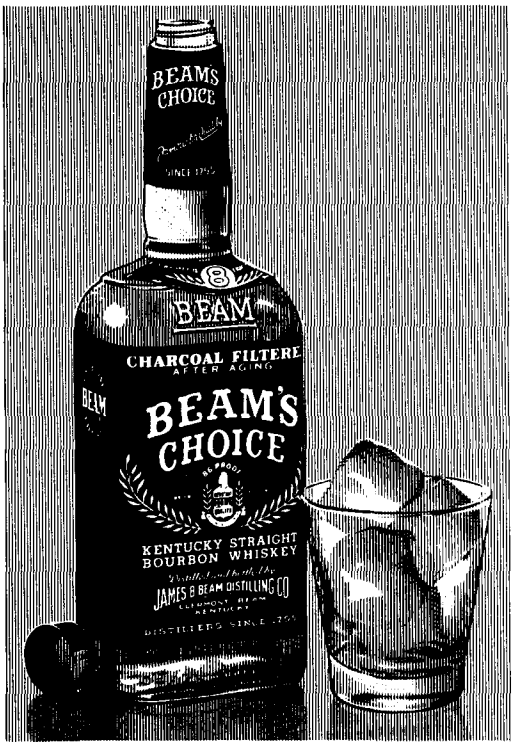
Viva Houston!

In the St. Patrick's Day issue of NATIONAL REVIEW you mentioned that Weiss' new play is opening "in Houston (of all places)" ["For the Record," Mar. 17]. I thought that remark was a little uncalled for and showed a lack of understanding.

Houston is a great and growing city of something over two million population

(Continues on page 541)

Don't lean on it.



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THE WEEK

■ The very Reverend Henry Alford, Dean of Canterbury, denounced the United States for "its reckless and fruitless maintenance of the most cruel and unprincipled war in the history of the world." We are used to such hyperbolic condemnations from clergymen nowadays; but the Dean made this particular statement in 1863, and the war he denounced was the one that ended slavery.

■ In March 1968 Presidential candidate Richard Nixon planned a radio speech disavowing the possibility of a military solution in Vietnam, and proposing settlement of the war through U.S.-Soviet summit talks. The chief author of that almost-speech, Richard Whalen, in his new book *Catching the Falling Flag*, explains how Lyndon Johnson's untimely abdication announcement and his subsequent meeting with Nixon ultimately reversed Nixon's original opposition to the LBJ war policy. If Nixon has retained an interest in the original plan, this might explain Kissinger's secret trip to Moscow and Nixon's own adherence to Soviet summitry in the face of increasing Russian arms aid to North Vietnam.

■ It's really hitting below the belt, or to quote the *New York Times*: "Spiro T. Agnew has again overreached himself in his eagerness to defame the *Times*." Actually, the Vice President went one better and socked it to the whole Senate antiwar gaggle: Humphrey, Muskie, McGovern, Kennedy, Fulbright. ". . . as an American I am appalled at the conduct of American leaders who keep their peace while a Communist invasion takes place and then rise up and slander an American President for taking the necessary military action," said Agnew. ". . . that men who played a central role in pushing America into an ever-deepening involvement in Vietnam . . . can make the President pay the political price for trying to see the war through. . . . They can then congratulate themselves for having bailed out at the right moment. . . ." And then the Vice President named names. Never, puffed *Times* VP, acupunctured James Reston, "never since before the last world war, not even in Lyndon Johnson's time, have I seen a trickier Administration than this one."

■ The government's lawsuit against the networks is perplexing, and opinion on it has not crystallized. On the one hand the legal-people say that the laws being as they are, there is no more reason why television networks can't share in the proceeds from the production of shows that are shown on networks than there is why the *New York Times* can't own its own paper mills. On the other side, there are lawyers who say that after all the government years ago told the movie producers they couldn't own movie houses, so isn't this an application of the same principle to television? And then there is the "social point," which has people's liver in a quiver: the networks are too damned concentrated, and this we know intuitively, and if the antimonopoly laws aren't written to break up the networks, why change the laws, but break up the networks anyway. It will require study, but there's time.

■ Memo (Sigh) from the Committee To Readjust All Priorities: "Well, it looks like the moon-men will make it back okay, and goodness knows we wish them well, lily-white rednecks though they are, but honestly, enough is too much, and did you know in the past ten years we've spent $25 billion on this foolishness, enough to give every single poor person in the country $100 a year, or a lump sum of $1,000 if preferred, that's a lot of Pop-Tarts, or for that matter if we'd saved up all that money we could support, comfortably, every unemployed aerospace worker for the next twelve and a half years, not to mention the Whooping Cranes, and face it, we can put a man on the moon but we can't get him out of Bedford-Stuyvesant, and now they want to send up another one, and then a space shuttle f'goodnessake, and if they don't take that million bucks out of Young's pay, it could clean up 250 feet of the Hudson, we're going to raise absolute *heck*!"

■ The enterprising head of a Soviet factory made fruit juice out of sugar, water and citric acid, and simply pocketed the government money which was supposed to pay for fruit. Since the fraud yielded hundreds of thousands of rubles, it must have gone on undetected for some time, which doesn't say too much for the normal quality of Soviet fruit juice. Another bright comrade bought fruit at a low price by classifying it as second-grade and sold it to restaurants as top-class. He managed to skim at least $230,000. Soviet courts, failing to see the humor in these two endeavors, sentenced 47 accomplices to jail for up to fifteen years, and put the three principal offenders before the firing squad.

■ Bright idea of the week: "We should give $200 million in aid to Mainland China. I would rather give it to the Chinese than to the Greeks." Senator John V. Tunney of California, while skiing in Switzerland.

■ Dr. Filimon Kowtoniuk, the tenured professor who was fired by Virginia State College apparently because of his anti-Communism and his criticism of Vietnam moratoria, has spent the last school year fighting for reinstatement—unsuccessfully. He and University Professors for Academic Order (UPAO) first tried to get the governor's office to intervene; it refused. They then asked the attorney general to advise the college to reinstate Kowtoniuk (since the attorney general's office had acted both as counsel to the college and as prosecutor in the hearing); the attorney general said that he had forbidden overlapping activities in future cases, but that he would not re-advise the college in this case. They intended to take the case to the courts, but have not collected enough money to do so. Anyone interested in more information

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This is the ad the Racing Form refused to print!

Winning at the Races May Not Be Your Idea of Fun, But...

Here I sit, trying to write about Larry Voegele. And all the while I'm working and sweating, the guy I'm writing about is out at the racetrack. Not a worry in the world—and probably making more money in a day than I make in a week.

What's his secret? *He knows how to beat the races. Really* knows. Knows so much that he runs a school for handicappers. (It's the only one of its kind in the world. Which is why he was asked to appear on "What's My Line.")

He charges his "students" two hundred bucks apiece. He tells them that if they're not completely satisfied he'll return every cent they've paid, and *nobody* has ever asked for his money back.

What's more, he went on a live radio show (The Pete Smith Show on KMPC, February 20, 1971) and did something that had never been done before. Mr. Smith really threw it to him: asked him to pick the winners in the 7 races that were being run at Santa Anita, while the program was on the air. Two out of seven would have been good enough to show a profit. Three would have been phenomenal. Larry Voegele picked *five!*

If he'd been at the track betting, say $20 on each race, he would have picked up a cool $404... net profit! Not bad for an afternoon's "work."

And all the knowledge that Larry publicly *proved* that day... *every* fact that he teaches in his $200 course... is in his book.

If you've never bet on a horse in your life, you'll read and enjoy every word. And end up understanding more than most guys who have been following the ponies all their lives.

If you're an oldtimer, you'll skip the background and get right down to the nitty gritty. If you can forget what you *think* you know, if you have the nerve—and the *discipline*—to follow his methods to the *letter*, you could make more money than you ever dreamed possible.

Why? Because you'll *know* more than 95% of the people who go to the track—and you're betting against *them!* The money they lose, *you'll* win! The track and the state take their cut, but there's plenty to go around.

At Santa Anita, for example, over *two million dollars* is bet every day. And it's a statistical fact that only one out of 20 walks out a big winner. You can be one of them!

Larry Voegele doesn't look like a racetrack tout. He's not.

He's a college graduate. He was the editor of a newspaper. He was a legislative assistant to a congressman.

He was a stockbroker, working for a major Wall Street firm. *Was* because he found out that investing in horse races was *safer*—and more profitable—than trying to beat the Bulls and the Bears at their own game.

And that's the secret of his book. He approaches handicapping as a *professional.* It's *scientific.* No "hunches." No "tips." No so-called "systems."

It isn't even "inside information." Just simple, hard *facts.* Facts that *anyone* could see if they knew what to look for. In short, if they knew what Larry Voegele knows—and tells in his book.

It'll take you about an hour to read it. Another hour to practice what he preaches.

Then if you do *exactly* as he says, step by step... if you don't get reckless or greedy... you'll be on your way to the kind of life you want.

Is that worth a 2-hour investment? Because that's all you're risking. Just time. Not money.

Here's why: your check or money order will *not* be deposited for two weeks *after* your copy of the book is mailed. That'll give you plenty of time to receive your book, read it thoroughly, and put the principles into *action.*

If you're not thrilled with what you've gained, just send the book back within 14 days. Your *uncashed* check or money order will be in the return mail!

Ever heard of an offer like that? No. But there's never been a book like this either.

As to the price—*if* you decide to keep the book. Frankly, we didn't know what to charge. It isn't just paper and ink. It's *information.* Facts that dozens of people have paid $200 to gain—and were satisfied to pay.

Verified Results of the Voegele Professional Method of Winner Selection

Hollywood Park (75 days)
675 Races, 222 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $9.00 32% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $8,480.00

Atlantic City (60 days)
540 Races, 183 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $9.60 33% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $6,666.00

Bay Meadows (64 days)
576 Races, 178 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $8.90 31% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $4,356.00

Santa Anita (75 days)
675 Races, 218 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $8.68 32% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $6,237.00

Pimlico, Winter 1971 (30 Days)
270 Races, 97 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $9.84 35% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $4,140.00

Hialeah (40 days)
400 Races, 147 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $7.80 37% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $3,148.00

Aqueduct (42 days)
378 Races, 127 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $9.10 33% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $3,807.00

But there aren't many people who can afford that kind of money. Even for a sure thing.

So what do you think about 10 dollars? That's all—10 dollars. And you have something *better* than a money back guarantee. Because your check or money order won't even be cashed unless—and until—you decided to keep the book because it's worth a *lot* more.

Winning at the horse races, traveling first class and living in the best hotels may not be your idea of fun. As for me, I think it sure beats working for a living. See you at the track.

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OK—I'll take you up on your offer. Send me Larry Voegele's book. Enclosed is my check or money order for ten dollars, but DO *NOT* DEPOSIT IT FOR 14 DAYS *AFTER* YOU SEND MY ORDER.

If I return the book within that time, you'll return my payment, uncashed, by return mail.

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Richard Nixon's War

In his April 26 address to the nation the President gave a firm and surprisingly clear statement of the reasons for the U.S. presence in Vietnam and the objectives of his own policy of Vietnamization. "If one country, armed with the most modern weapons by other countries, can invade another nation and succeed in conquering it, other countries will be encouraged to do exactly the same thing—in the Mideast, in Europe and in other international danger spots. If the Communists win militarily in Vietnam, the risk of war in other parts of the globe would be enormously increased."

And specifically as to Vietnamization: "I have warned . . . I would act to meet that attack for three reasons: To protect our remaining American forces, to permit continuation of our withdrawal program, *and to prevent the imposition of a Communist regime on the people of South Vietnam against their will*, with the inevitable bloodbath that would follow for hundreds of thousands who have dared to oppose Communist aggression. . . . We have offered the most generous peace terms—peace with honor for both sides . . . but we will not be defeated, *and we will never surrender our friends to Communist aggression.*" (The italics are ours.)

The editors of NATIONAL REVIEW have no fault to find with this conceptual and rhetorical framework within which Mr. Nixon placed the Vietnam war, which he thus chooses to make, henceforth and unambiguously, his war. We commend in particular the directness with which he spoke in the face of the massive domestic attack that has been mounted against him since he ordered the air and naval reply to North Vietnam's attack in Southeast Asia.

But the President's address was less convincing, in rhetoric and in substance, when he touched on the military and political measures by which he proposed to carry his policy through. The military actions which he has ordered during the past month, with all their consequences here as well as in Southeast Asia, are justified only if his policy in the end succeeds; if it is to fail, they are wrong, most terribly wrong, militarily, politically and morally. If the Vietnam war is going to end in any case with a Communist takeover, either directly or through the more likely route of a coalition government, then it is time to bring the fighting to a quick close, not to step up its scale, since that political result could be brought about by negotiation. We hope Richard Nixon has faced the implications of his present stand, and that he has adequate grounds for believing that the aims he stated on April 26 will in truth be achieved. And if he has, he owes it also to us, to the Vietnamese, and to our allies, to inform us of the facts on which he relies. An optimistic report from General Abrams is not enough, there having been too many such reports over the years. If the North Vietnamese can still send a powerful, multipronged invading army into South Vietnam, if it still requires a substantial portion of American air and sea power even to slow down the invasion, then it is obvious that Vietnamization has not been achieved. We have the right to ask why, on the record so far, we should believe it will be.

The cover photograph of the current issue of the French magazine *L'Express* is of Richard Nixon, with the caption, VIETNAM: NIXON JOUE QUITTE OU DOUBLE—"Nixon bets double or nothing." He must not forget that the Vietnamese and his own countrymen are the chips he is playing with.

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on the case can contact UPAO's Henry A. Myers at 750 South High Street, Harrisonburg, Virginia 22801.

■ HOW—Happiness of Womanhood, housewife Jaquie Davidson's answer to Betty Friedan's NOW—has started a new branch, League of Housewives. LOH's first task will be to fight ratification of the Equal Rights Amendment state by state. Its slogan, soon to be emblazoned on bumper stickers and billboards, is addressed to American men: "You make the living and we'll make life worth living."

■ Da-dao-mei-kuo-dai-kuo-ju-yee is how it sounds and that sounds good especially if you happen to be a visiting Red Chinese ping-pong player and hear the words uttered by your hosts, University of Michigan students; so good in fact that according to one report "the usually reserved Chinese broke into broad smiles." *Smash American imperialism* is what it happens to mean and what the University students knew it to mean. "[It is] because of the spirit of the students, we came," said Chinese spokesman Kao Ling. Said the students, "We trust your journey will serve long-term revolutionary goals." Yecchhh, which any fool knows is onomatopoeia.

God Bless Them All

By the time many of our readers see this page, Ohio and Indiana will have made it eight down and fifteen to go, so we shall be restrained in both interpretation and prophecy.

1. After two more Muskie flops—a bad, bad second to McGovern in Massachusetts, where he had been counted a sure winner even a month ago, and a dismal third to Humphrey's win in Pennsylvania—we would scratch the rockbound senator off the sheet if we did not recall (with the help of our busy researchers) that last Sept. 13 *Time* cover-storied him (no tears in the eyes as they were then

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portrayed) as, without modification, "the front runner"; that seven days later in *Newsweek*, Stewart Alsop concluded, "Unless you believe in miracles . . . that leaves Muskie. . . . The Democrats are going to turn more and more surely to the man with the best chance of winning. . . . That man continues to look like Edmund Sixtus Muskie of Maine"; and as short a while ago as Dec. 26, our official oracle, the *Times*, through the pen of R. W. Apple Jr., still assured us that "all the information at hand suggests that Mr. Muskie will be hard to stop." But it looks as if the first eight primaries have done it.

2. Senator McGovern continues to move up and out. His 52 per cent win in Massachusetts was impressive, and 21 per cent in more stolid Pennsylvania, after only three days campaigning, was even more so. His left wing is still dominant in his deployment, with his support relatively highest among students, verbalists and the well-to-do suburban set. But he is doing much better in blue-collar and black districts than anyone expected. He was helped in Massachusetts by the revival of the war issue, which remains his special thing, but he has branched out more and more into tax reform, urban affairs, senior citizen problems and other domestic matters. Contrary to the view we, like most others, had before the primaries began, we now think it at least conceivable that he could get nominated, though we still believe his base is both too leftist and too narrow—and his ideas too crackpot—for him to be able to pull his party together behind him and win the election.

3. By taking Pennsylvania handily if not spectacularly, Humphrey proved he is in the race, which could be doubted up to that point. And his backing in Pennsylvania (blue-collar, blacks, Jews, older persons, most ethnics except the coalfield Polish, non-chic middle class) was promisingly broad, except for a big hole on the youth front. Moreover, Muskie's moving down automatically pushes Humphrey up even apart from the size of the vote Humphrey gets, since he and Muskie are pulling at the same political ropes. Still, it is not easy to see how Humphrey could be nominated without a left splitoff. Maybe that could be solved by a man clearly of the party's left as Vice Presidential candidate—though for it to be George McGovern, the obvious choice, would give the Plains States too gross a representation.

4. George Wallace continues to have a powerful effect on the whole balance of Democratic politics. He nosed out Muskie to take second in Pennsylvania after a single campaign appearance and even in dovecote Massachusetts, he got 8 per cent from one small press conference. Like McGovern, Wallace has been extending his spectrum of both issues and forces. It is in large measure Wallace who has pushed all the candidates toward anti-Establishment, populist appeals. His support from workers and from a surprisingly large section of young people is formidable. He is going to be a hotter coal for the party pros to handle at the Convention than they yet seem to realize. Wallace is moving from a fringe into the mainstream of American politics; or perhaps it's also that the mainstream is moving toward Wallace.

5. Richard Nixon, as in the first four rounds, had no significant troubles. A teens-percentage vote for Paul McCloskey in Massachusetts—he had just declared for McGovern—also showed, however, the revival of the war issue and the fact that there is a latent dove wing in the Republican Party, at least in some states. The negligible vote for John Ashbrook (neither he nor McCloskey campaigned in Massachusetts) was further evidence that organized Republican dissent on the Right, such as it may be, has not risen to the point of rebuking Richard Nixon.

Welfare: Large Questions

When even the *New York Times* asks editorially, "Is Welfare Out of Control?" it is a safe bet that the welfare system in New York City is poised at the lip of a waterfall. The proposed city budget is $1 billion out of balance, and much of the red ink can be accounted for by escalating welfare costs.

Last month, State Welfare Inspector General George F. Berlinger charged that "millions of dollars" were being squandered through duplicate payments and described the city's welfare administration as "moving rapidly from chaos to disaster." When Deputy Mayor Edward K. Hamilton attempted to defend the city's performance, Mr. Berlinger replied that he ought to "talk to some of his own people in welfare centers. Last week, I estimated 10 to possibly 15 per cent on welfare rolls might be ineligible. Next day a supervisor took issue with that estimate—he told my office to take a look at his welfare center and you'll find ineligibility of 30 per cent."

He went on to provide some examples of administrative blundering. For example: "Just today we uncovered a case where the recipient died December 26, the welfare center closed the case January 3, and checks have continued to be printed for this deceased recipient through March 1." On another case, he noted, inspectors found a case closed December 28 because of noncompliance with new state laws regarding an obligation to accept employment. Nevertheless, checks are still being issued, and, in addition, the client applied on February 11 to a different welfare center and gave a different social security number with no checkup made on his prior record.

These revelations from New York, together with the accumulating experience of the Reagan administration in Sacramento and much evidence elsewhere, give rise to some far-reaching questions about the actual role of welfare in American politics. Thus: is it not in the interest of an urban administration such as Lindsay's to have as many people on welfare as possible, and therefore "clients" of the liberal administration in City Hall? Once that question is posed, the possibility comes into view that the real function of welfare is not "relief" but the redistribution of wealth through confiscatory taxes, and the creation in the "central city" of a dependable political power base. A number of scholars have recently sug-

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Friction between Senator Edmund Muskie and his congressional supporters has been a major factor in the attrition of the Muskie campaign. He enlisted so many congressional allies so early in the race that he found himself obligated to pay attention to states that he might well have neglected. Rep. Michael J. Harrington of Massachusetts, for example, was enraged when Muskie decided not to contest Massachusetts with George McGovern. To keep his official supporters in line, Muskie had to sacrifice valuable time in Pennsylvania to tackle Massachusetts in at least a pro forma way that strategy flopped.

Muskie has spent much time in Washington conferring with advisers—especially with Senators Thomas Eagleton and Birch Bayh—and not on the campaign trail. That has been left to Hubert Humphrey, a fine stump campaigner, and to George McGovern, who revels in avoiding the seats of power he is challenging. Said one congressional observer, "as Ed Muskie has seen trouble grow up around him in his campaign, he has tended to keep coming home to the womb. The Senate dining room is a big place and you get a lot of different kinds of advice there. Ed listens to all of it and can't stick to any one course. That's his problem."

■ The President's re-election campaign has scored a major success in one Southern state. Former State Senator Fitzgerald Bemiss of Richmond, Va., a Democrat, will head the campaign in that state, thus giving the President a big edge in the battle for the large group of voters linked to Independent Senator Harry Byrd. Bemiss will probably bring to the Nixon effort the covert or even open support of Byrd and former Governor Mills Godwin. Bemiss' backing is especially valuable to Nixon, because Republican Governor Linwood Holton has been slipping in popularity and may no longer be able to deliver the vote.

■ The illness of Congressman Torbert H. Macdonald (D., Mass.), laid up with pneumonia, has delayed House action on funding for the Corporation for Public Broadcasting. Macdonald's bill calls for long-term funding, while an Administration-backed measure, sponsored by Clarence J. Brown (R., Ohio), favors direct grants to local stations through HEW, and more limited funding for the national corporation. CPB, which funds much public affairs broadcasting, continues under heavy fire for the high salaries paid to Sander Vanocur ($85,000 per year) and others brought to public television from commercial television. Congress is considering a limit of $42,500 (the salary of a congressman) to any official of a public corporation. Sources on the Hill believe that there is a good chance such legislation will go through this session of Congress. When Macdonald returns, some fur should fly.

■ North Carolina's Senator Sam Ervin may block the merger of the American and National basketball leagues. Ervin has been worried about monopolies in sports and is looking carefully at baseball's reserve clause, as well as at the proposed basketball merger. Ervin influences so many votes in both parties that his judgment on the issue—he is chairman of the subcommittee investigating the merger—may well be definitive. One Senate aide commented, "Ervin is getting to have the kind of power in the Senate that Wilbur Mills has in the House."

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gested, indeed, that the urban welfare structure is actually the functional equivalent of the old-fashioned political club, and that it was the genius of the Johnson Administration to provide, through its Great Society programs, a political substitute for the old political machines at the moment of their demise. If this analysis is valid, it illuminates the real meaning of what Lindsay and his admirers really intended with their promises of "reform." From this perspective, Mr. Berlinger must be regarded by City Hall as something of a nuisance and a bore with his talk of "eligibility" and "administrative efficiency."

Monetarism Reconsidered

Suppose we accept the "seasonal adjustments" that erased all increases in the over-all March price index—even though separate indexes for food, commodities and services each rose significantly. Still, we're faced with a rate of price increase in the first quarter of this year that is 50 per cent larger than in the six months before the freeze. The supposedly most-controlled sector, non-food commodities, showed the largest price increase in March. The rate of growth of real GNP in the first quarter of 1972 was lower than in the last quarter of last year. Unemployment continues to hover near 6 per cent.

In view of this less-than-spectacular record of price controls, it would seem appropriate to recall how we became embroiled in the whole frustrating endeavor. Certainly a major factor was the well-publicized view that Milton Friedman's "monetarism" had been tried, and found inadequate to the task of predicting or controlling inflation. Two weeks before the freeze, economist Paul Samuelson had written: "It is no secret that the forecasting ability of monetarists is selling at a huge discount on the markets of informed opinion." On December 27, Federal Reserve Board member Andrew Brimmer said the monetarists "have not demonstrated convincingly that the relationship between the money supply and economic activity is especially close."

Monetarism attributes price inflation to previous rapid increases in the quantity of money, and prescribes moderate, steady growth of the money supply through control of the "monetary base" (predominantly, bank reserves). The President of the St. Louis Federal Reserve Bank, Darryl Francis, has shown that the Federal Reserve Board *never* used the monetary base or bank reserves as the main policy target from 1967 to 1970. As a result, the money supply did *not* grow at a moderate, steady rate—as monetarists proposed—but fluctuated quarterly from .4 to 11.3 per cent with an average increase of 6.6 per cent over the past four years. Forecasts of output, inflation and unemployment by the St. Louis Fed, which are based on a variant of the monetarist approach, have

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been consistently better than the "consensus" of prominent economists.

Ironically, the Federal Reserve Board inadvertently achieved the monetarist goal of moderate monetary growth in the last half of 1971. Normally, this should be reflected in comparable price stability within a year. Thus, as Council of Economic Advisers Chairman Herb Stein candidly remarked, a substantial reduction in inflation would be expected soon "in the absence of wage and price controls." In these circumstances, guidelines often become floors under the wages and prices of the least productive, while those businessmen who manage to increase profits by reducing expenses are penalized for efficiency by being compelled to roll prices back.

Since February, however, the Federal Reserve has responded to election-year pressures to provide the deceptive "prosperity" of renewed inflation. Bank reserves have for the first time become the avowed target, and a 20 to 25 per cent increase in reserves this year is considered "satisfactory." Because banks maintain only a fraction of their deposits in reserve, such an increase in reserves would create an irresistible incentive for banks to create a multiple expansion of new check deposits in the form of interest-earning loans. The inflationary potential is absolutely staggering. The evident failure of wage and price controls to date will appear a magnificent success compared to what will happen next year if the Fed continues to pursue its present course.

New York, April 22

In the middle of the winter the various antiwar groups began to concert their spring offensives. The National Peace Action Coalition, a Trotskyist group, picked April 22 as the kickoff date for its campaign, with demonstrations to take place in New York and Los Angeles. After a little persuasion, other antiwar factions promised support. But a united Left wasn't enough to make the April 22 demonstrations successful; something more was needed to bring back those who had strayed. That something came on April 15 when American planes bombed Hanoi and Haiphong.

New York City was cold and wet. The demonstration began with a march of some thirty blocks, ending outside Bryant Park, close to pretty Times Square. The marchers took up the entire street, walking 25 abreast, and the line of march lasted at least twenty blocks. It was an impressive turnout. There weren't many onlookers. The occasional awning or movie marquee easily accommodated all who wanted to see. One man, after watching the first of the protesters go by, shouting the popular "One, two, three, four—we don't want your f---ing war!", said, "Look at those hairy slobs. What is this country coming to?" In a few minutes he had struck up conversation with a man who identified himself as a psychologist. What, he asked the psychologist, was his opinion of the kids parading by? He replied that they were good kids and what's more they were right. The first man agreed, mentioning the war's great cost in money and lives. A few minutes later another man came by. After watching for a few seconds the newcomer said, to no one and everyone, "I wish I had a machine gun right now." Forcing a small laugh, the psychologist asked what he'd do with a machine gun. "Point it into the streets and keep firing" was the answer. The psychologist said it was on account of *schmucks* like him that we were in Vietnam. Then they all were silent, and resumed watching.

Not all the marchers were kids. A fortyish crew of people whose banner said they were "Citizens of Conscience from Washington Heights and Inwood" was there, as also "Architects for Peace," representatives of the IRA, gays and banner-carrying Communists. The one thing all had in common was high spirits. They had proved to themselves, as much as Richard Nixon, that the peace movement was not dead.

The march, it turned out, was the most impressive part of the demonstration; the speeches outside Bryant Park were routine. View of the stage was completely blocked by the press. The crowd shouted: "Press off the stage! Press off the stage!" but it didn't do any good. The coordinator informed them that the press had to be there so the world would know the antiwar movement was still alive. The audience protested no more. Only a few people listened to the speeches; most chatted among themselves about the futility of the whole thing. The spirit that marked the first part of the rally had vanished. One fellow in the audience, who had been holding forth to an eager audience of three, said wistfully, "What we need is another Kent State."

John Lennon and Yoko Ono were there, and it was Yoko who made the only original comment of the day, saying the United States should give money to the North Vietnamese so they could invade America. Daniel Ellsberg was there too. By the time he spoke, thanks to the boredom and the steady rain, the audience consisted primarily of policemen, pretzel vendors and street-cleaners. Most of the kids and citizens of conscience had long since departed. Anyway, they could hear Ellsberg the very next day. He was speaking at a "Let's Get the Colonels off the Back of the Greek People" rally, so said one of the thousands of soggy handouts left behind by the conscientious citizens.

K. LYNCH

Westpolitik

There are few occasions on record when a decision of such seeming historical importance has perched on an edge so thin as that where the issue of Willy Brandt's Ostpolitik now trembles. The electoral victory of the Christian Democrats in the *Länd* (state) election in Baden-Württemberg assures a majority against ratification of the Moscow and Warsaw treaties in the Bundesrat (upper house, where the voting is by states). To

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override this, there must be two separate votes in the Bundestag that give a clear majority of the entire membership, not merely of those present, for ratification. The Baden-Württemberg result swung at least one more member of Brandt's allied party, the Free Democrats, against the treaties, so that by present count he has at most a single-vote margin for the first Bundestag vote on May 4. What may save Brandt is the failure of the premature attempt to oust his government forced on Christian Democratic leader Rainer Barzel by his intraparty rivals.

On the treaty issue both sides predict the direst consequences if the other triumphs. The Kremlin has been issuing public threats of the punishment that would follow rejection, and it is believed that the Nixon Administration, in keeping with the détente policy that the President seems resolved to follow no matter how many Soviet weapons are distributed throughout the world to whoever is ready to use them against us or our friends, is also, by his silence, encouraging ratification. However, it is probable that as with many decisions that seem critical at the moment the net difference will not be so very great one way or the other. The relations that West Germany and the Soviet Union really want to have with each other at this stage they will have, treaty or no treaty. Barzel, though, is on the whole convincing in his argument that the treaty, together with its secret understandings that have been partially leaked, yields more than is desirable or necessary from the West German standpoint, and that better terms can and will be got from Moscow if Bonn shows enough backbone to reject the present text in spite of the Kremlin's blustering.

A Touch of the Irish

Marianne Moore (God only knows where that odd, inspired little Vestal Virgin of Greenwich Village and Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn got her insight and prescience), ruminating over the age of Edmund Spenser and his billet in Cork as an English poetic, secretarial official four long centuries ago, quoted the typical Celt as saying, "I am troubled, I'm dissatisfied, I'm Irish." This occupational disease, imported by the British, is not terminal. It may indeed be stimulating once the Sassenachs get out and let the natives find the way in Ulster as they have in the South.

R. MOSES

They Try Harder

When corporations in Japan
Do business like an also-ran,
They merge with companies which can.

In Europe, when a funny smell
Suggests a firm's not doing well,
It joins a neighboring cartel.

Here, business learns to pass the cup
Because, just as it starts to pup,
The boys at Justice bust it up.

W. H. VON DREELE

Peterson, *Vancouver Sun* — Ben Roth Agency

"If this is April, this must be Canada."

Chilean Notes

If there is one thing the architects of the *via Chileña* have overlooked it is the character of the Chilean people, and Dr. Salvador Allende himself seems to be misreading his countrymen. Take the much-touted good-will visit of Fidel Castro last November. To begin with, it lasted 27 days, enough to try the patience of the best of us. And for those 27 days, the Allende government, in the approved Marxist tradition, ordered Chile's three television stations to give 24-hour-a-day coverage to the Cuban premier's speeches, receptions and travels up and down the length of the country. Now while it is true that in his own country Dr. Castro can depend on a captive audience for his four or five hour monologues, Chileños simply do not tolerate anyone who speaks over an allotted one hour, and so, after a day or two, the people of Chile simply tuned off and out and, when work was over, went about those pastimes they most enjoy, strolling, shopping, taking pisco sours with their friends and by and large ignoring the momentous visit of Mr. Castro.

There was the one exception, one incident that did stir the populace—the widely circulated picture of an exuberant Fidel waltzing a definitely bewildered Chuquicamata miner. Aha, crowed Santiago wits, so that's how he is—such a pairing being excluded by the Chilean interpretation of the cult of machismo—and for a day or so chatter in the cafés centered on Castro's sex.

Then there was the debacle of Castro's leave-taking. The National Stadium was one-quarter filled, this after Allende had predicted one of the biggest turnouts in Santiago history. (Across town the opposition jammed an arena in support of the now famous March of the Empty Pots.) After an hour of one of Mr. Castro's

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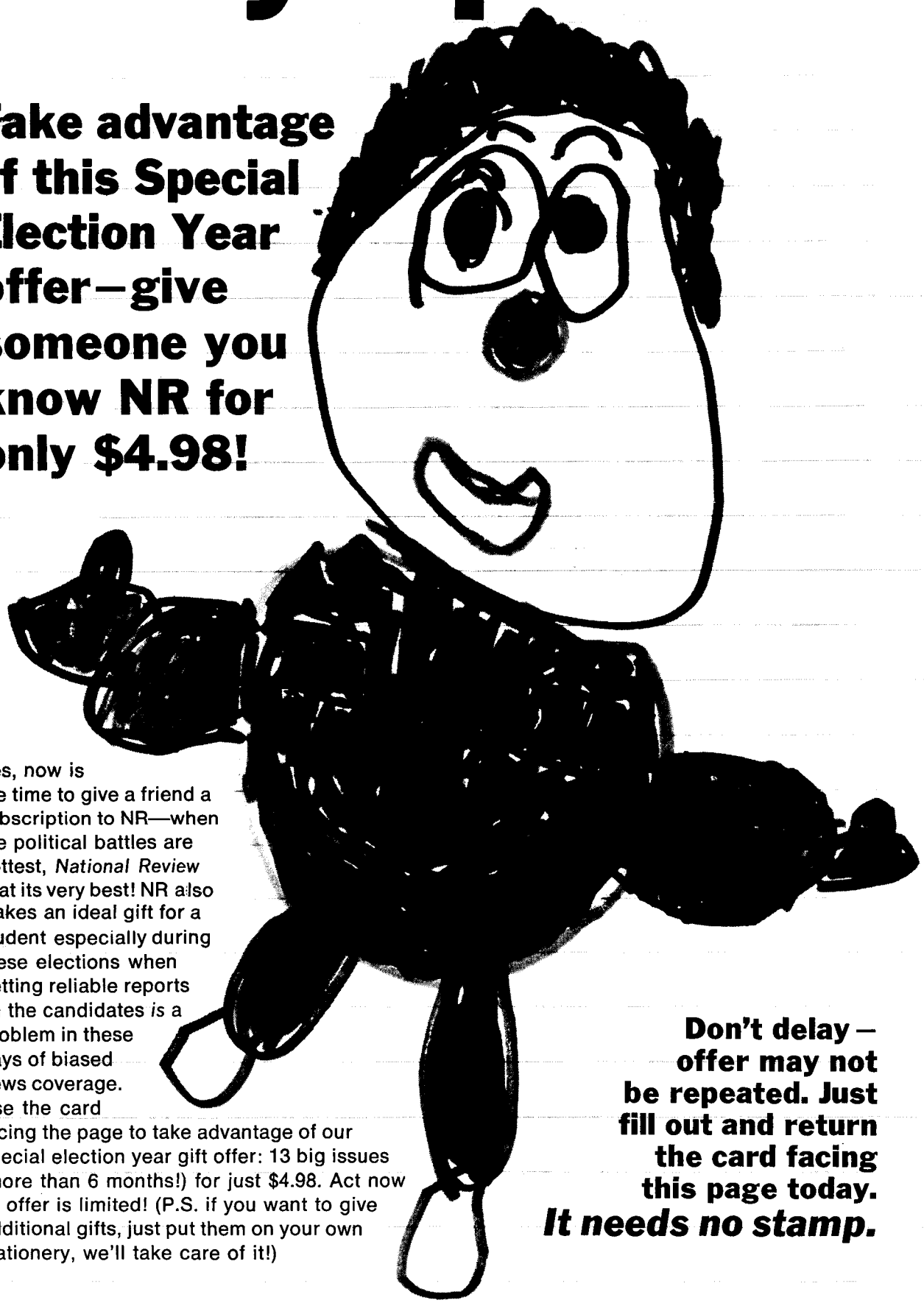

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angrier denunciations of Chilean apathy (Chileans do not take kindly to criticism from strangers) the tiers began noisily to empty and an angry Allende had to drag Castro back to the podium to complete the next three hours of his speech.

Another unpopular effect of Castro's visit is that Santiago is replacing Paris and Havana as favorite sanctuary for "political" kidnapers, bombers and assassins fleeing the authorities in their own countries. Chileños, having quite enough on their hands with their own "Tupamaros," do not welcome these terrorists from the outside. The virulent anti-Americanism brayed by the revolutionary refugees and constantly drummed out by the Allende government is meeting with unpredicted resistance. Yanqui Go Home signs have virtually disappeared and the newest fad among the young is "Saco Americano": pants, halters and bikinis sewn together from flour sacks sent in by the Alliance for Progress.

Meditation on the WASP

As everyone knows, the various academic associations have seen a good deal of political turbulence at their annual meetings. In a revealing article recently in the *New York Times Magazine*, J. Anthony Lukas argues, partly by implication, how this turbulence possesses a sociological as well as a political character, and is a reflection of the ethnic struggle within the academic profession, and, indeed, a phase of that national drama called the Decline of the WASP.

The American Historical Association, as Lukas notes, has met yearly since 1884 to hear papers and transact other business. Until recently, the AHA and the historical profession itself have been dominated by the WASP and, indeed, have only gradually lost their patrician flavor. At the 1970 meeting, Harvard's Oscar Handlin made a speech recalling his own introduction to the annual meeting in 1936. The organization was "a small group of men and women, internally cohesive and held together by adherence to common standards and convictions. . . . When later I encountered Charles Peirce's description of the 'community of investigators' laboriously inching the world toward truth, it seemed the perfect term for our company." In 1961, Carl Bridenbaugh of Brown described the newer situation bluntly in his presidential address: "Today we must face the discouraging prospect that we all, teachers and pupils alike, have lost much of what an earlier generation possessed, the priceless asset of a shared culture."

This occurred more slowly in the historical profession than in some other fields. "History," observes Lukas, "was one of the slowest of all academic disciplines to open its doors to new classes, races, religions. Although middle- and even working-class recruits increasingly broke down the old patrician hold on the profession during the Twenties and Thirties, they found history less congenial than the newer social sciences."

Lukas' article suggests that the recent radical assault, though conducted in political terms, has also involved an attack upon the intellectual manners associated with the older WASP culture: upon restraint, decorum and self-effacement embodied in the pursuit of "objectivity." Increasingly, these are displaced by emotional fervor, real or feigned, breaches of decorum, and self-assertion in the form of deliberately "subjective" rendering of the facts. When the older WASP culture still retained its potency, even the non-WASP, entering the profession, assimilated its values, sought objectivity, scholarly precision and so on. But now, increasingly, even the WASP begins to assimilate the counter-values.

Lukas begins his absorbing account of the AHA Convention with an emblematic description of "one of the most popular sessions" at the affair, a "panel on 'Lenny Bruce: American.' Several hundred historians gathered in the Sutton Ballroom South of the New York Hilton to hear Prof. Frank Kofsky of Sacramento State College. . . . Professor Kofsky himself was an unusual panelist for the traditionally strait-laced AHA: pale and tall, his face half-covered with a bushy red beard, he was turned out in a black cowboy hat, a bright red shirt and a black vest."

And Program Chairman Vartan Gregorian: "Stocky and dark, with an unruly mop of black hair and a bushy beard, he has a passionate intensity which contrasts with the WASPy noblesse oblige of many Association oligarchs." Naturally, "ethnicity ran rampant in the Hilton," panels being conducted on every ethnic particularism you can imagine.

Lukas' article suggests, as does other evidence, that much of recent radical manifestation may have less to do with Mao or the Vietcong than with tensions within American society itself.

And WASP decline also has a paradigmatic character. First the WASP, while still dominant, is liberalized. Then he and his values are ejected from positions of cultural power. The same thing can happen to nations.

Stanley J. Parry C.S.C., RIP

In the annals of American conservatism, no book title carries the name of Stanley J. Parry. A small number of articles, chiefly in *Modern Age* and NATIONAL REVIEW, a dozen or so book reviews make up his total published work. And yet, each of these pieces exercised a strange but also familiar power, as if the reader had just found something he had long lost, as if he had already been engaged in a long conversation with the author, as if he had unexpectedly received the very word he needed at that time. Thus it happened that Stanley Parry, never having published much, became a conservative leader of national influence, a member of the Advisory Board of the American Enterprise Institute, of the Small Business Association, an adviser to Goldwater, a star speaker at many meetings of conservative groups.

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His teaching at Notre Dame, his alma mater, left impressions that lingered on and on. Many an outstanding senior would proudly point to the freshman course he had taken with him as what set him up as a serious student. Long after graduation, many persons would still acknowledge Stanley Parry's teaching as the decisive formation of their lives.

The secret of his singular effectiveness, and also the key to his conservatism, was that in him no discontinuity occurred between reason and revelation. He always moved on the whole front, no matter what problem he dealt with, even on questions of discipline in the student halls where he resided as prefect. Whether he dealt with a case of smuggled beer or a case of cheating, or wrote on Hungary or labor unions, he always moved from the specific to the universal, recalling man's full dimension, from his animal corporeality to the divine-like image in which he is shaped. His students found that Stanley Parry called each of them both by the name of his particular corruption and that of his eternal nature. He could always awaken in students the sense of their highest vocation, to get them to commit themselves to an honors program, to shame them into the rigors of self-discipline.

Parry took his PhD at Yale under Willmoore Kendall, and shortly after returning to Notre Dame became the head of the Political Science Department. He directed it on a principle he called "mitigated anarchy," and a less coercive and more congenial chairman you cannot imagine. The department functioned vigorously, though, and to this day it still bears the indelible mark of his personality, for it is the only department I have known that remains entirely free of factionalism and intrigue. The chairmanship was taken away from him, from a "conservative" chairman, in 1962. That was the beginning of the end. Three years later Stanley Parry left Notre Dame and the Community of the Holy Cross and, in his own words, "ceased to live the life of a priest." This step, however, was not taken from lack of faith, and during the five following years he sustained a truly heroic spiritual struggle that ended first in his reinstatement as a priest and then in his unconditional return to the Community. He had won the most precious victory, but the price he paid was his health. He could not regain his strength and finally, without illness, died in his sleep, not yet quite 54 years old.

Stanley Parry and Richard Weaver understood each other particularly well, maybe they both combined intellectual lucidity with spiritual strength and the immediacy of human warmth. One thing that Parry had over Weaver, though, was his ever-present Welsh-Irish humor. Had Parry attended his own funeral, I am sure he would have cracked a dry irreverent joke under his breath, but his whole person would have stood bent in silent prayer.

G. NIEMEYER

The Tolstoy Theory

Are mighty men a nation's guide
Or simply flotsam on the tide?
In *War and Peace*, Count Tolstoy felt,
Instead of dealing, man was dealt.
Napoleon and Marshal Ney,
Victorious in every fray,
Were merely posturing debris
Upon the wheel of history.
My own opinion's the reverse;
Determined men can be a curse.
We have a fateful rendezvous
With Giap of Dienbienphu.

W. H. VON DREELE

Notes & Asides

■ THE WHITE HOUSE

Mrs. Frank S. Meyer
Ohayo Mountain Road
Woodstock, New York

Dear Mrs. Meyer:

Mrs. Nixon and I were saddened to learn of your husband's death, and we send you and your family our deepest sympathy.

We hope that your pride in his many achievements and your memories of the happy years you shared may give you courage now and sustaining strength in the years ahead.

Sincerely,
Richard Nixon

THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

Dear Mrs. Meyer:

Please accept my deepest sympathy on the death of your husband.

Although I never had an opportunity to really talk with Frank, I read his columns with interest. Even when I did not agree with him completely, I found that I benefited from his analysis of world and national affairs.

He will be missed, I know, by all who knew him either personally or through his writings.

Sincerely,
Spiro T. Agnew

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Your article is just silly. You conservatives lose all

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credibility when you make such ridiculous exaggerated statements such as "not one word on the applicability of our principals of self-government and independence to the people of Taiwan" or "he toasted the bloodiest chief of state in the world." What principals of self-determination are we dedicated to for the people of Taiwan?

There are certainly many right-wing and left-wing dictators who are bloodier than the leaders of China.

Shame on you, you know better than that.

Sincerely,
Wylie F. L. Tuttle,
President
Collins Tuttle & Co.
New York
CABLE: COLLTUTT

Dear Mr. Tuttle: a) Name me a bloodier right-wing dictator than Mao Tse-tung, b) please learn how to spell "principle." Yours faithfully, —*WFB*

Dear Mr. Buckley:

a) Tutenkahmen, Timur the Lame, Herod, Caligula, King John, Louis XIV, any of the Popes in the sixteenth or seventeenth century, Ivan the Terrible, Franco, Salizar, Hitler, Duvalier, the Internal Revenue Agent in charge of my file, and the King of Zaire.

b) It seems to me it is not how you spell "principle" but how you apply yourself to them.

Wylie F. L. Tuttle
President

Dear Mr. Tuttle: As a purely factual matter, you are wrong. See, for instance, "The Human Cost of Communism in China," published by the Committee of the Judiciary, U.S. Senate, August 1971. To bring up Salazar in Mao's company is, really, not—quite—bright. By the way, it's Sal-a-zar. Cordially, —*WFB*

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

What a chattering chimpanzee that bitch from Northern Ireland turned out to be. A good memory and a gift of gab does not qualify anyone with wisdom or intelligence no matter how much you think so. Even in Russia under Stalin they would probably have poisoned her—for lying.

C. R. Vann
Pompano Beach, Fla.

■ Mr. Buckley:

Me thinks your envy of Mr. Nixon's position is very evident. Your hair is growing too long and in *Firing Line* it appears greasy and to the hippy size. Do you never wash it Mr. Buckley?

I sincerely believe you need a headshrinker, a better one than you presently have. Your support of Edgar Smith alone shows you are coming apart at the seams.

You may rest assured that I will not renew my subscription for NATIONAL REVIEW next year.

What a waste! a poor man gone beserk with jealousy.

Your pseudo intellectual attitude on *Firing Line* has also become obnoxious.

What a pity that my admiration for you has had a complete metamorphosis.

You have become obnoxious.

No, I don't approve of women's lib. It is just you I don't approve of.

Mrs. E. B. Leone
Ridgewood, N.J.

Dear Mrs. Leone: Come on. *There's* got *to be something else you disapprove of. Think.* THINK!!—*Cordially,* —*WFB*

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Just a suggestion. Please stick to being mistaken about the Political Scene. It's much better than when you're mistaken about the motion picture scene [cf. review of *The Godfather*]. You really don't know a thing about film, actually, and it's embarrassing to read such trash. Yours truly.

Vito A. Russo
Film Department
The Museum of Modern Art
New York

Dear Russo: Did Paramount make you an offer you couldn't resist? —**WFB**

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Mr. Berger holds that there are two paradoxes in conservatism, and finds them distressing. Mr. Hart and Mr. Burnham analyze his findings and, most respectfully, register their dissent

Two Paradoxes

PETER L. BERGER

THE GREAT MAJORITY of people in most human societies is conservative. The reasons for this are not at all mysterious. Most people are conservative in the sense that they take the basic structures of their society for granted and try to work out the problems of their own lives within these structures. In the words of Alfred Schutz, the social world is "taken for granted *until further notice*." To be sure, "notice" is sometimes given in a variety of ways—through an intensification of social conflicts, through economic or military disasters, through natural catastrophe, or (more rarely) by means of religious or quasireligious enthusiasm. In such situations the basic structures of society may become problematic even to large masses of people and, at least for a time, their "natural" conservatism may be breached. This conservatism is typically unreflected, not given to theorizing, self-assured rather than defensive in tone. It has been wonderfully caught in Edmund Burke's image of peaceful cows contentedly munching their grass under the ancient trees. An altogether different kind of conservatism is that of intellectuals. It is highly reflective, productive of theories that sometimes attain cosmic scope, typically aggressive rather than self-assured. As Karl Mannheim has convincingly shown, such intellectual conservatism typically arises in defense of the status quo against theoretical and political challenges, that is, it is typically a response to the ideas and actions of others.

Contemporary intellectual conservatism in America has, of course, arisen in response to the triumphant onslaught of political and ideological liberalism. In its initial impulse, a defense of the American status quo, it has itself been

forced into a dissenting role against the new status quo established by victorious liberalism. Today this kind of conservatism occupies a minority position on the American scene. Its ideology is heterodox, its voice is one of dissent.

All this can be said *sine ira et studio*, in the mode of "value-free" objectivity appropriate to my craft of sociologist. But this is not really how I feel about these matters. I have a personal relation to conservatism, with dimensions both of ire and of zeal. For I, too, am a conservative, though my conservatism has been intellectually nurtured less by Burke than by Burckhardt and Weber, and emotionally inspired not so much by visions of Anglo-American cattle as by childhood stories of the vanished glories of Habsburg Austria. Time and again, especially in the last few years of epidemic hysteria, I have been reassured by the presence of a vocal intellectual conservatism on the American scene. Time and again, suffocated by the insipid orthodoxies of the liberal Establishment or nauseated by the noisier dementias that have sprouted to its left, I have picked up NATIONAL REVIEW with the pleasure of discovering healthy sin in a conclave of Puritans. And yet, time and again, the initial pleasure was replaced by acute disappointment. It seems to me that the reasons for this disappointment transcend my personal idiosyncrasies and therefore merit some reflection.

The Critical Function

I have no doubts about the useful critical function of the intellectual conservatism best represented by NATIONAL REVIEW. If it had done no more than continuously prick holes in the magnificent balloon of the worldview of the *New York Times*, this alone would justify its existence. It has done more. Conservative intellectuals have helped to redress our vision of the world, have reminded us of experiences and insights that the liberal Establishment has liked to forget, have offered alternative ways of approaching the problems of our time. Yet, if one regards conservatism as more than a game played by intellectuals, one will not be satisfied by this critical utility. One will have hopes for political and moral leadership by a renascent conservatism, all the more so in a situation in which the utopian schemes of both liberalism and radicalism are increasingly revealed as bankrupt. The ideological coffers of the latter seem incapable of producing much more than dreary old formulas, be they reiterated by the tired voices of Estab-

Mr. Berger is the author of A Rumor of Angels.

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lishmentarian gurus or with shrill fervor by the radicalized offspring of these gurus. Almost every one of our problems, domestic as well as international, desperately cries out for new ideas, new formulations, new approaches. It is reasonable to expect that at least some of these would come from the Right. If this is so, it would also seem reasonable to invest hope in a potential leadership role of intellectual conservatism. The disappointment is all the more acute because of this.

No doubt there are many external factors, sociological as well as political, which militate against such a role for intellectual conservatism. There are also some factors in the realm of ideas. I would like to single out two for discussion here. One is a paradox in the theoretical perspective of American conservatism, the other a paradox (not to say a flaw) in its moral stance.

Liberalism: Historically

The paradox in theoretical perspective is the result of the aforementioned development, in which intellectual conservatism came to be a dissenting movement in America. It is the paradox of an antiliberal conservatism in a liberal society.

This paradox becomes manifest regardless of whether one understands liberalism in its classical sense or in the sense it has in recent American politics. Historically, liberalism has been the ideology of the rising bourgeoisie, first coming into view in the seventeenth century, maturing through the eighteenth, and bursting onto the European scene with apocalyptic thunder in 1789. In such an historical perspective, liberalism represents the ideological presence of the continuing French Revolution. As conservatives have seen more clearly than anyone else, the various creeds of revolutionary socialism are organic offshoots from this underlying ideology of the modern age. Historically, the institutional embodiments of liberalism have been the bourgeoisie as a class, capitalism as an economic system, the national state and popular democracy in the political sphere. Thus, logically enough, the conservative reaction against the French Revolution and its continuing consequences was directed (with varying emphases, of course) against all of these manifestations. Seen through the sardonically perceptive eyes of, say, a Metternich, the bourgeoisie was the principal villain in the drama of modern disintegration. It was the bourgeoisie that brought about the capitalist economy, its ethic that was corroding the old foundations of a Christian order of public life. Closely allied to this "spirit of capitalism" were the other two principles of disorder—modern nationalism and modern mass democracy. It was against all of these that Metternich mounted an heroic action of rearguard defense. Nor is this way of looking at the modern world altogether obsolete. It persists in the older conservative movements on the continent of Europe (one may think here of Spain, for example).

If one understands liberalism in this classical sense, then, of course, one must say that America, as we know it today, has been the creation of liberalism. Indeed, America may well be described as *the* liberal society. This was seen lucidly by Tocqueville, and there is no reason to revise his formulations of the fact. It was the bourgeoisie that shaped America in the nineteenth century, that gave it its fundamental ethos, that indeed made it into a "middle-class society." To be sure, other options may have been open at an earlier stage of American history. One may argue concerning the dates at which they were definitively foreclosed. The latest date, beyond which there could no longer be the slightest doubt, was the defeat of the South in the Civil War. Since then, clearly and seemingly irrevocably, American society has been founded on the institutional artifacts of the bourgeoisie—an open class system, a capitalist economy and a democratic polity. As could hardly be otherwise, the "American creed" reflected these institutional realities. In other words, liberalism became *the* ideology of the society.

If one wants to eschew this kind of historical perspective and understand liberalism only as the ideology so named since the 1930s, then too, I believe, one must come to the conclusion that present-day America is a liberal society. It is certainly so in the overwhelming portion of the political spectrum. The two-party system functions within this central consensus. I think one can even argue that most of the party formations to the right *or* left of this center have not deviated decisively from it. Thus it is very hard to find politically significant movements on the Right that seriously contemplate dismantling the welfare apparatus initiated by the New Deal, and outside the politically marginal coteries of intellectuals it is hard to find people on the Left who seriously envisage a socialist order in America. In other words, Right and Left in America generally mean positions either within or quite close to the central consensus of liberalism. This consensus, moreover, transcends formal politics. It is firmly grounded in the consciousness of the vast mass of Americans, that "vital center" to which successful politicians must appeal. Contrary to some prophets of doom, there is no indication as yet that this mass of people has changed its basic ideological views. And, of course, the same liberal consensus is ongoingly reaffirmed by the major opinion-shaping agencies in the society, from the educational system (particularly the public schools) to the media of mass communication.

Here, then, is the paradox: If conservatism has any root meaning, it is that of wanting to preserve the existing order of things. But the existing order of things in America is profoundly liberal, institutionally as well as ideologically. Thus the intellectual conservative in America, deeply critical of liberal ideology as he is, finds himself in the position of standing for the preservation of an order based on all those principles which offend him. If he has a classical (if you will, "European") view of conservatism, then his position is altogether Quixotic, comparable to that of, say, running for senator from Kansas on a monarchist platform. If, on the other hand, he has a more timely view of conservatism in terms of opposition to post-New Deal liberalism, he still finds himself in the position of being for a status quo founded on the institutional and ideological products of precisely this liberalism. In either case, the position is paradoxical.

The Conservative Critique

It seems to me that this paradox has given intellectual conservatism in America a certain air of negativism and even petulance. This is reminiscent of the petulant exasperation of a self-consciously *kulturniy* English teacher over the invincible barbarisms of his freshmen. It is, after all, difficult to maintain with serenity an image of oneself as a man plugging the hole in the dike with his little finger. It is doubly difficult if one wants to accomplish this feat elegantly;

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inevitably and distressingly, one begins to sweat. It is, of course, quite possible to withdraw in disgust from one's age. I believe that this is an intellectually and morally defensible option (and, God knows, often enough a tempting one). Such an option, however, implies a withdrawal from political participation. To the extent that conservatives intend to be politically relevant, this option is closed to them, and so is the resolution of the paradox by withdrawal.

The second paradox is of a different order. It is a flaw in moral rather than theoretical perspective. The name I like to give to this is selective humanism.

Conservatives have always been strong on morality. While their liberal antagonists have been dreaming of a society based on some sort of value-neutral rationality, conservatives have kept on insisting that social order must have a moral foundation to be viable. They have not always been right in the particular positions this has led them into, but, on the whole, their sociological instincts have been sounder than those of the liberals. For example, it is possible to have different positions on the issue of prayers in public schools, but it is sociologically evident that a society is headed for serious trouble if its educational system rigorously excludes all considerations of morality as "sectarian." For another example, one may hold a number of views on the relation of law and individual conscience, but conservatives have undoubtedly been the better sociologists for maintaining that any society will fall apart if obedience to law is left to continuous (and ipso facto unpredictable) individual decisions.

In recent years intellectual conservatives in America have performed an invaluable function in debunking the moral pretensions and myopias of liberalism. The conservative critique of, for example, the hypocrisy of the stance of upper-middle-class liberal intellectuals on the busing issue has been a breath of fresh air in a smog of murky rhetoric. The "moralism" of conservatives has, I think, been especially important in its perception of the human reality of Communism. Again and again, in this particular matter, conservatives have credibly represented a tradition of humanistic concern in the face of the contortions of interpretation undertaken by liberal intellectuals. At the present time, I have found this profoundly refreshing in the public discussion of Communist China. One of the morally revolting spectacles of the year has been the reception given to Maoist China in the liberal press, which has been hailing the new international prominence of this regime as a salutary event, conveniently forgetting the mass slaughter of human beings upon which the regime has been founded. Since last summer, it appears, mention of what can most accurately be described as the Chinese holocaust has suddenly become taboo in the utterances of responsible liberal journalists and "concerned" liberal scholars (both groups, one sadly suspects, having a particular "concern" for getting visas to Peking). It has become necessary to turn to the conservative remnant in the public media for honest reminders of these realities.

Moral Myopia

It would be exhilarating if this were the end of the story. Alas, it is not. For intellectual conservatives have had their own versions of the selective humanism they so justly castigate their opponents for. True, they insist on calling Maoism the moral monstrosity it is. But they have been singularly silent about the mass murders perpetrated when the present Indonesian regime came to power, murders that do not come up to the quantitative standards of the Maoists, but that may be put without too much strain in the category of genocide. True, conservatives have continued to point up the terror and the tortures of the Communist regimes in Europe, but they have been very reticent concerning terror in Brazil or tortures in Greece. I am anxious not to be misunderstood on this point: I would insist myself that, since the demise of Nazism, the most enormous inhumanities have been those perpetrated in the name of Communism. Nor would I object if someone points out that, say, compared to China, Greece is a model of humanitarian government. What I find morally intolerable is the general principle of applying different standards of what is humanly acceptable to Communist and anti-Communist regimes. To be sure, we must denounce "their" murderers. We must also denounce "ours." What is more, the former denunciation will not be credible without the latter.

This flaw in the moral vision of conservatism has been especially grave with regard to the war in Vietnam. Conservatives have been fully justified in showing up the moral bankruptcy of a supposedly "humanist" Left that has been extolling the virtues of North Vietnam and of the Vietcong without ever mentioning the atrocities committed by its heroes as standard operating procedure. Conservatives have also been quite right in pinning down the less outrageous, but probably more consequential, inconsistencies in the liberal wing of the antiwar movement, such as the simultaneous beliefs that, somehow, the Vietcong represents the will of the people, and that the Saigon regime must be repudiated because its elections would not get by the Fair Ballot Association of Minnesota. What conservatives have tragically overlooked (or, worse, have sardonically caricaturized) has been the genuine moral outrage of large numbers of ideologically innocent Americans at the atrocious conduct of this war by our own forces—conduct all the more atrocious for its being standard operating procedure too. The devastation of large areas of the country designated as "free fire zones," the merciless bombing and shelling of inhabited villages vaguely suspected of sheltering the enemy, the routine torture of prisoners, the deliberate "generation" of vast masses of refugees—all these have been part and parcel of the human reality of this war. I have repeatedly come across an interesting response to these facts in conversation with conservatives. Sometimes, of course, these facts are denied. This is uninteresting, except perhaps to psychologists. But if the facts are not denied, it happens ever so often that my partner in such conversation will set his

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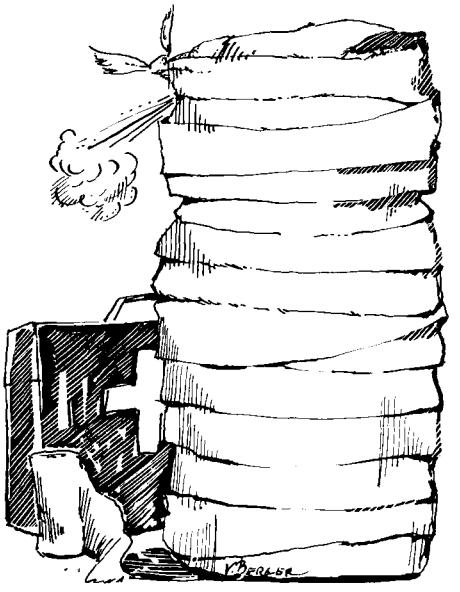
jaw more firmly, try to look tough (always a hard feat for intellectuals, right *or* left), and start talking about the hard necessities of power in the real world. Fine. I too have heard of *Realpolitik*. But one cannot have it both ways. *Either* "everything goes" in the struggle for power in the real world, or there are limits beyond which moral outrage has a right to be heard. After all, it is always the case that one side's atrocities are the *Realpolitik* of the other.

Whatever some of its spectacular follies, the movement against the Vietnam war has been, I believe, one of the more cheering expressions of a genuinely American humanism in our time. Shorn of its follies, it represents a sign of hope for the future of the society. The failure to understand this has separated intellectual conservatives from one of the most promising moral impulses in the current American situation. The failure is one of moral judgment as well as of political vision. These two are not always connected. In this instance, I think, they are—with very depressing implications for the future of American conservatism.

Consistency Counts!

If these two paradoxes were endemic to intellectual conservatism, anyone who identifies with the latter position would be best advised to observe a mournful silence. I don't think that they are so endemic. On the contrary, I believe that both paradoxes are capable of resolution, although I'm not exactly sanguine about the chances that many conservatives will agree with my approach.

The first paradox can be resolved by distinguishing more sharply between what one may call two levels of conservatism, the practical and the theoretical levels with which we started out on the present considerations. I count myself a conservative on both levels. On the practical level, I would like to preserve American society essentially in its present structures. I would like to solve its problems (including those that I regard as morally urgent, such as the problem of justice for its racial minorities) within those structures, and I have considerable confidence that this is possible. This position, unlike that of liberals, is *not* based on any quasireligious glorification of these structures. Middle-class values are not the apex of man's moral history, capitalism is not the final marvel of economic ingenuity, and neither the national state nor mass democracy represents the ultimate political redemption. All the same, in a world of relativities, these structures and even the less-than-overwhelmingly convincing ideas that legitimize them have proved themselves worthy of considerable respect. This respect is translated into positive political commitment when one looks at the empirically available alternatives. In itself it may take little sense (at least not to me) to be committed to the bourgeois *Weltanschauung*, but it makes urgent sense to be committed to resistance against the forces that are seeking to replace the bourgeois universe by their own versions of utopia. In sum: it is very possible indeed to want to preserve the basic status quo of American society as a practical political goal, without necessarily sharing the entire legitimizing apparatus of liberalism that appertains to this society.



At the risk of being misunderstood, I will introduce an analogy. Enough has been said to make clear that my sympathies for Communism are close to nil. The Communist societies of Eastern Europe, with which I have personal acquaintance, are profoundly unattractive to me. Yet, I'm fairly certain that, if I were unfortunate enough to live in one of these societies today, I would not be striving for their revolutionary overthrow. Nor would this be simply because of a lack of personal courage (anyway, no man knows his courage until he is tested). I imagine that I would, in such a situation, make the same political judgment that I make here and now—namely, that, because of the power of the Soviet Union and other realistic considerations, these societies are likely to remain Communist for the rest of our lifetimes. I might then try to withdraw as far as I was allowed from political participation. However, to the extent that I would be unable or perhaps reluctant to withdraw, I would try to work practically within the existing structures, to attempt to modify them as much as I could in terms of those moral and human values to which I owe allegiance. In other words, my objective political actions (to borrow from the Marxist vocabulary) would be within the structures of the status quo, would thus be objectively conservative in their effects. The analogy limps, for the simple reason that my dissent from Communism is enormously greater than my dissent from American liberalism. But that, exactly, is my point: The practical logic holds *a fortiori* in the case of the latter.

Practical Action

I also count myself a conservative on the theoretical or philosophical level. If properly provoked, I can deliver myself of a conservative credo literally dripping with such medievalism as to get me excluded from faculty parties from here to eternity. In a world of relativities, I must come to terms with the fact that this credo is hopelessly out of date. Perhaps the last *really* worthwhile political enterprise in the twentieth century would have been to try and preserve the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. The cause, alas, is lost, and in any case I was born a quarter-century too late for joining its banners. In the event I have no practical alternative to political engagements with which I can only identify in a less than ultimate mode. This is regrettable ("if I had only been there to advise them, back around 1910! . . ."), but it constitutes neither a logical nor a moral contradiction.

Needless to say, American intellectual conservatives do not, in any great numbers, share these peculiar ideological hangups of mine (the encounter between William Buckley and Otto von Habsburg, on *Firing Line* a couple of years ago, made that graphically clear). However, their hangups and mine are not too dissimilar in terms of theoretical distance from the liberal consensus It seems to me that intellectual con-

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servatives with a variety of positions can make the same distinction between ultimate philosophical credo and practical political engagement. This distinction resolves the paradox, and at the same time converts the political stance of conservatives from nagging negativism to realistic political actions. It hardly needs emphasizing that, inevitably, these actions will lead to cooperative ventures with those exasperating liberals who dominate the "vital center" of American politics.

Time To Choose

The second paradox can be resolved by a recollection that, come to think of it, should not be overly difficult to those committed to an intellectual tradition of conservatism. It is the recollection that conservatism is not only a "perennial philosophy" but (*pace* Aldous Huxley) a perennial humanism. To be a conservative, above all, means to be aware of the historical dimension of the human condition. The knowledge of history is heavy with anguish. The moral utility of history, for this reason, is compassion. Unlike the enthusiasts for revolution and radical change, the conservative ought to be prudent about upsetting the fragile structures that protect men's lives from the terrors of chaos. His ought to be a prudence born of knowledgeable skepticism regarding all utopian promises, and especially born of a care to avoid the senseless suffering that most attempts to realize such promises have produced historically. The great radicalisms of the modern era have all claimed to love mankind; the conservative ought to cultivate affection for individual men in their concrete and irreplaceable particularity.

Such a conservatism of compassion is rooted in a long tradition of moral wisdom of both classical and Biblical inspiration. It is not a tradition of weakness in action, or of pacifism. At the same time, it excludes the kind of selective humanism mentioned above. Conversely, it remains open to the humane impulses of the time, wherever these may come from. In the eighteenth century, Austria was the first country to abolish judicial torture and then capital punishment. The one happened under Maria Theresa, the other under Joseph II, both monarchs fully qualifying for the title of "despot" in the worldview of later revolutionaries. A conservatism understanding itself in the context of this perennial humanism would not be capable of, for example, the oftentimes fanatical affirmation of capital punishment that characterizes conservatives in several countries. When a recent issue of NATIONAL REVIEW appeared with a picture of a hangman's noose on the cover (inside was an article regretting the passing of the death penalty), there was in this a melancholy symmetry with the famous cover of the *New York Review of Books* depicting a Molotov cocktail. It is curious that there is not only a great similarity between different sorts of inhumanity, but also between the legitimizations that intellectuals think up for the inhuman acts. In the perspective of perennial humanism, the conservative intellectual embracing the gallows looks amazingly like his leftist cousin hugging a bomb. Only, it seems to me, the conservative has less excuse.

My reasons for wanting to resolve the second paradox are moral before they are political. There is a political aspect to this too. Despite its very dark sides, our time has witnessed some remarkable and cheering manifestations of humane compassion, and some of these have had political repercussions. It is not only morally regrettable, but might well be politically self-defeating, if conservatism remains blind to these currents of revitalized humanism. There is something deeply offensive about the conservative affinity for the hangman. It also don't look so good. This was finally realized even by the Church of England, which has had a long-lasting fondness for the death penalty comparable in emotional intensity to its devotion to the Book of Common Prayer. Some years ago, when the House of Lords had its great debate on the issue, there was one big surprise. The Archbishop of Canterbury, mirabile dictu, came out for abolition.

There are some good reasons to think that a conservative hour may be beginning in America. Will it be possible for intellectual conservatives to grasp that hour? Whatever they do, the country is likely to move to the right, and politicians are likely to respond to this movement. The question of who will provide the ideas and interpretations, the intellectual arsenal, for this movement is one of very great political importance. I hope that it will be, among others, intellectual conservatives with both theoretical and moral suppleness. It seems to me that a resolution of the two paradoxes along the lines indicated will be one condition for this. It further seems to me that the choice before intellectual conservatives in America is relatively simple: It is a choice between meaningful political participation and sectarianism. □

TWO REPLIES

Peter Berger's 'Paradox'

JEFFREY HART

IT IS A PLEASURE to enter into this conversation with Peter Berger. *NR* readers will know him, of course, from the essay "The Blueing of America," which, by itself, would justify the existence of the Op Ed page of the *New York Times*, and as the author, most recently, of *A Rumor of Angels*, which discerns, with the eye of a master, the evidences of the supernatural in ordinary experience. Academicians are aware that Professor Berger is one of the foremost sociologists in the Western world; and, as I myself am aware, he is delightful company.

There are a great many things worth examination in his essay, but I want to look here at the "paradox in the theoretical perspective of American conservatism" which he professes to detect. Here is his summarizing statement of the paradox: "If conservatism has any root meaning, it is that of wanting to preserve the existing order of things. But the existing order of things is profoundly liberal, institutionally as well as ideologically. Thus the intellectual conservative in America, deeply critical of ideology as he is, finds himself in the position of standing for the preservation of an order based on those principles that offend him."

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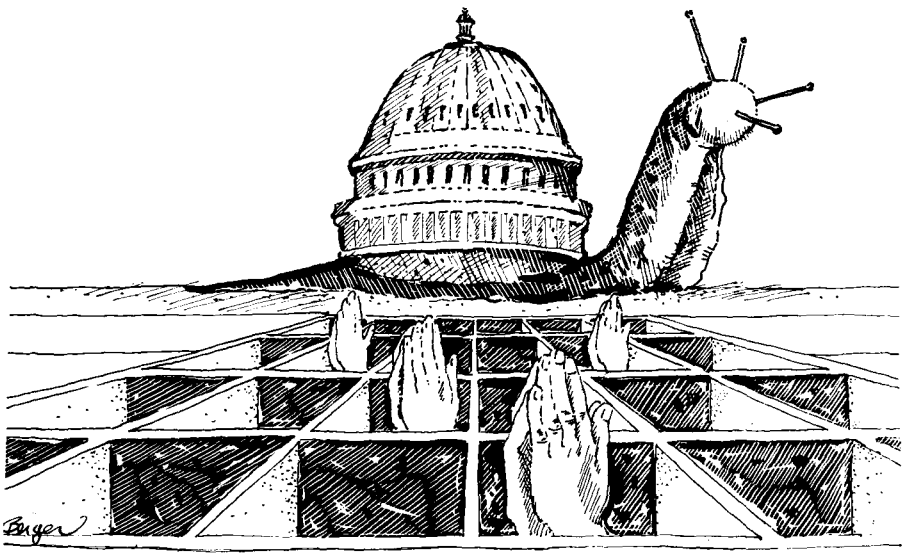

I would maintain that this analysis is incorrect and, in addition, misses completely the substance of the argument between conservatives and liberals in America.

But before setting forth my reasons for so judging, I would like to note that a number of Prof. Berger's supporting assertions strike me as, in themselves, oddly askew, i.e., "Thus it is very hard to find politically significant movements on the Right that seriously contemplate dismantling the welfare apparatus initiated by the New Deal." The fact is that both conservatives and liberals have come to share grave doubts about the efficacy of those welfare measures, let alone their indefinite extension, and we thus hear clamorous calls for "decentralization," "revenue sharing," "community control," a "negative income tax" and so on. We seem to have reached an intellectual and political watershed with regard to the New Deal measures.

Furthermore, it is not clear that old-age pensions, unemployment insurance, medical care plans and the like are—analytically—liberal rather than conservative. Indeed, from the perspective of the older, pre-capitalist *Gemeinschaft*, so eloquently evoked in the Berger essay, such welfare measures can be viewed as compensating for the disappearance of communal structures, extended families and so on, under the impact of the "liberal" nineteenth century.

Conservative criticism of one or another welfare scheme, whether emanating from *NR*, Reagan, van den Haag, Banfield or Friedman has, as a matter of fact, been based not so much on ideology as on the argument that the specific scheme (FAP, minimum-wage laws, MediCal and the like) will not produce the results claimed for it, or that it will do so at exorbitant cost, or that it will actually defeat the goals desired.

But all of this is really not the essence of my objection to Peter Berger's characterization of the American consensus as "liberal." And, as I say, I think he misses the point about the real issue in our current political argument, which does not focus so much on this or that measure as on the process by which we decide whether or not to adopt it.

At the present time we have two political traditions, really two theories of government—resting on contrasting conceptions of human nature—virtually at war in America.

Two Traditions

In the first tradition, the American system is conceived of as one based ultimately on the "deliberate sense" of the people. The Founders, consciously and with great ingenuity, designed a government in which "waves of popular enthusiasm" would find it exceedingly difficult, not to say impossible, to bring about rapid and fundamental change. Congress is bicameral; its upper chamber is not apportioned according to population; the executive and judiciary are independent; elections are staggered; the executive has a veto. The filibuster, the committee system, the seniority principle and many other features have evolved in an extra-constitutional way. And the whole thing functions to frustrate action by temporary majorities.

On important matters—so the Founders evidently thought—a new majority position must remain in being over a considerable length of time before passing into legislation. It had to be not only the "sense" of the people, but the "deliberate" sense.

I find all this quite Burkean. In their skeptical, eighteenth-century way, the Founders regarded "enthusiasm" as a prime political danger. And the complex filters in the system of government they designed may be viewed as the functional equivalents of Burke's "custom" and of the unwritten restraints of the "British Constitution." The different attitudes Burke held toward the American and French revolutions are pertinent here; and, significantly enough, Burke turned definitively against the French Revolution only when the radical plan of a unicameral legislature prevailed in Paris.

The other and rival American political tradition is informed by a quite different theory of government. The rival tradition does not appeal to the "deliberate sense" of the people, but to a set of goals, posited as absolutes, which it claims to have discovered in certain key texts. The first is the "all men are created equal" clause of the Declaration of Independence, not in its original context, but as reinterpreted by the Gettysburg Address. Accordingly, we are enjoined to approach equality of condition as expeditiously as possible; and the achievement of that goal is thought to be one of the principal tasks of government. Other key texts are Amendments I through X, especially the First; and, of course, the "equal protection" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment.

We may observe here that the interpretation of these key texts by the avatars of the rival tradition is, in each case, completely unhistorical. Does the Declaration tell us that it is the task of government to bring about equality of condition, or even equality of opportunity? The Founders would have ridiculed either goal as preposterous. The Declaration merely says that it is the "Right of the People . . . to institute [a] new Government, laying its Foundation on such Principles and organizing its Powers in such Form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety . . ." Men are equal, thus, in their right to found and organize a government as they see fit, i.e., an Englishman has no natural right to govern an American.

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The other key texts, the First Amendment, the Fourteenth and the rest, are similarly perverted by the rival, and, now let us say it, heretical tradition. As Dryden wrote of the seventeenth-century religious heretics: The text inspires not them, but they the text inspire.

Heretical, yes, but also very much in the field, and, while far from "triumphant"—Peter Berger's description of liberalism—nonetheless impressively powerful. Congress, reflecting the "deliberate sense" of the people, tends to resist the initiatives of the heretical tradition, and the heresiarchs, accordingly, regard Congress as retrograde; they revile it and endeavor to "reform" it, all the while much preferring to work through the executive and judicial branches.

The greatest breaches in the defenses of the "deliberate sense" conception of government have in fact most recently been made by the Supreme Court, and by the ukases handed down by executive agencies like HEW.

The advocates of the liberal policies in question of course recognize the foot-dragging character of the "deliberate sense" mechanisms designed by the Founders; they recognize, indeed, that their favored measures—e.g., busing—very likely could *not* get through the deliberate sense mechanism. Yet, like James MacGregor Burns in his *Deadlock of Democracy* and other works, they are committed to a set of policies and determined that those policies shall be effectuated. The question then arises of what must be done *to* our political institutions and habits in order to break the "deadlock" that keeps them from being effectuated. "What is really new in Burns," as Willmoore Kendall once wrote, "is on the one hand the problem to which he reduces American political theory, and on the other his repudiation of the whole range of concerns, principles . . . *and above all inhibitions* handed down to him from the past [italics added]. The nation's political regime is, for Burns, the *ancilla* of a set of policies that he and his friends have declared good. Let the liberal program prevail, and *ruat coelum*!"

In the orthodox American political tradition, the substance of justice and the common good is preserved through loyalty to a process, a process the delicate design of which reflects the Founders' perceptions regarding human nature and the nature of the body politic, perceptions continuous with the traditional wisdom of the West, and, for that matter, Burkean. The political heretic, and his number is legion, desires to short-circuit the process in the interest of a prescribed set of absolutes, which reflect a different, even an opposite conception of human nature and politics. The confrontation is inherently revolutionary.

No Winner Yet

It is worth noting, too, that the heretical tradition has developed its own mythology, and, when not appealing to key sacred texts, invokes a series of quasi-messianic Great Presidents—Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Wilson, Roosevelt, Kennedy—each of whom, to quote Kendall again, "sees more deeply into the specifically American problem, which is posed by the 'all men are created equal' clause of the Declaration of Independence. America will build a New Jerusalem which will be a commonwealth of free and equal men, free men yes, but especially equal men, and will cause it to spread over the face of the earth." If that requires the remaking of human nature, making the unequal equal, well, no task is too great for the genius of the messianic and—very significantly—*suffering* President. Through Him, through the Great President, we are to be reborn.

It seems to me that at the all-important level of theory, this description defines the substance of the argument taking place in American politics: deliberate sense *v.* abstract theory. Busing, school prayer, pornography—the current litmus issues all seem to take their places within its parameters. And it is fair to call it a conservative *v.* liberal argument, even though quite a few liberals in assorted disguises, have recently been slipping across between the battle lines and ending up on the conservative side. Certainly the liberals have not won; they are not "the American tradition," far from it. And as long as we remain clear about what they are up to, I do not think they ever will be. □

Selective, Yes. Humanism, Maybe

JAMES BURNHAM

I DIRECT and limit my comment to the second count of Professor Berger's critique (I hope I am right in naming it so, and not "indictment") of American conservatism: "a paradox (not to say a flaw) in its moral stance." This paradox or flaw he identifies as "selective humanism."

1. I hate to begin with a quibble, but I seem to sniff in Prof. Berger's statement of this charge a trace of what in my logic-teaching days I used to call "the fallacy of composition and division"—that is, an equivocation between the collective and distributive meaning of a noun. Does he find the moral defect in conservative doctrine, as "*its* moral stance" would suggest? That is where he locates "the theoretical paradox" of American conservatism, but he offers no comparable analysis in the moral instance (though in a moment I shall do so). Or is it then his intent that many, most or all individual American conservatives exhibit the defect in their attitude and conduct?

I will not affirm that American conservatives are models of moral deportment, in this or other respects. I imagine Prof. Berger was taught, as I was, that the just man falleth seven times daily; the statistics on us run-of-the-mill conservatives must be rather discouraging. Still, so far as individual conduct goes, I don't suppose they are much worse than for run-of-the-mill liberals or radicals. Prof. Berger flays conservatives for their selective humanism. But by his own account this is a vice conservatives share with liberals; in fact, he praises conservatives for having exposed the sins of liberals along this line. The logic of his censure reaches us not as conservatives but as children of Adam.

2. "Selective humanism" recalls the term "selective indignation," first introduced, I believe, by Sir Arnold Lunn. The difference in wording is worth brief

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notice. "Humanism" is an abstract concept; "indignation" signifies a concrete emotion felt by existing human beings. The latter is the intuitive choice of the born and bred conservative, Sir Arnold.

It is only the selectivism of selective humanism that Prof. Berger is condemning. He has no objection to non-selective humanism, and insists that conservatism—a conservatism that can win his approval—is in truth "a perennial humanism." Before continuing with selective humanism I want to pause on humanism *tout court*.

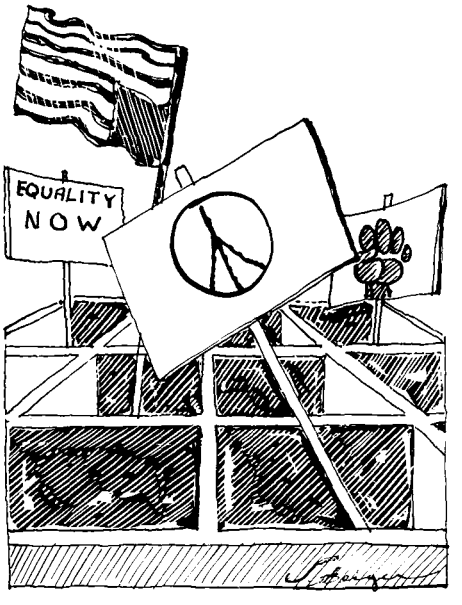
Men or Mankind?

Humanism is a term sufficiently vague to cause no offense under most circumstances. We are all humanists now, no doubt. But conservatives are apt to feel a little uneasy when marching under the humanist banner. Many conservatives are Christians, and, though they may not be students of the *Oxford English Dictionary*, they have a lurking awareness of the fact that "humanism" in its first use (*OED* Def. 1) meant "Belief in the mere humanity of Christ," and later, as recorded in *OED* Def. 3, "Any system of thought or action which is concerned with merely human interests (as distinguished from divine). . . ." That is still how, they may have noted, the contemporary Ethical Culture Society understands "humanism." Independently of theological considerations, there are many conservatives who will have metaphysical qualms. These are the conservatives—probably a majority of Americans who consider themselves conservatives, I would guess—who hold that conservative doctrine must rest ultimately on "absolutes," and who are not sure that humanism has a place for absolutes.

But even those conservatives who, as I do, derive their conservatism from historical and pragmatic rather than theological or metaphysical roots, are wary of "humanism." In our case also, the *OED* suggests why. *OED* Def. 3, from which I have just quoted, continues: ". . . or with those [interests] of the human race in general (as distinguished from individual); the 'Religion of Humanity'." The quotation explicating *OED* Def. 4 under "humanist," by one J. Gardner writing in 1860, amplifies: "*Humanists*, a class of thinkers which arose in Germany towards the end of the eighteenth century, originating chiefly from the diffusion of the writings of Rousseau. Their system, usually called Humanism, sought to level all family distinctions, all differences of rank, all nationality, all positive moral obligations, all positive religion, and to train mankind to be men, as the highest accomplishment."

This is what worries me. When we start talking about "humanism," selective or non-selective, we tend to think in terms not of individual men but of Man: of Man or Mankind, the abstraction, the Universal; of men only insofar as they are members of the class, Man. This is of course the way liberal ideology conceives men, and it is through this conception that liberal rationalism deduces its universalistic imperatives and its equalitarian tendencies.

If "humanism" has reference to Man, to the "interests of the human race in general (as distinguished from individual)," then Prof. Berger is certainly correct in maintaining that a *selective* humanism is a paradox: to be selective, to distinguish, among men, would contradict the identity of all men as Man. But though Prof. Berger has uncovered a paradox here, it is not a paradox of conservatism.



From Idea to Existence

3. Conservatism can be considered humanist only if humanism is interpreted to mean a concern with the interests and well-being not of abstract Man or Mankind but of existential man, historical man, or actual men as they actually exist in space and time. Existential man is not a bare identity, a featureless constant, but a node of particularities, distinctive relationships, differences, qualities, peculiarities. Actual men are citizens of this country or that, members of this or that family, male or female, young or old, pursuing such and such an occupation, believing in one God, many Gods or none, stupid or brilliant, rich or poor, literate or ignorant. And that being so, *of course* my attitudes, feelings, conduct, my loves *and* my indignations, toward various of these actual human beings are selective. How could it, how should it, be otherwise? Certainly it has always and conspicuously been so with conservatives, and in this sense Prof. Berger's charge is correct, though we conservatives will not regard it as in itself either paradox or flaw.

My Tribe and Yours

I can wish well to all men, but nevertheless, not being angel or saint or monster, there will be at least a mite more lift in my pleasure when it is my son who has been given the prize, the local team that wins the pennant, my country's flag that is still there. Rape is a dreadful sin and crime, but—coarse as the comparison may seem; as coarse as the hangman's noose on the cover of a magazine—my indignation will be less deep at the rape of a peasant woman in East Pakistan than of my wife or daughter. As a conservative I hope that the slums of the inner city will become decent places for human beings to live and work in, and I am ready to do my reasonable part to that purpose, but I hope also, and if I am quite truthful, even more ardently, that my own community will not become a slum. I am for peace, like all men of good will, but I know that war comes every now and then, and when it does I prefer the enemy's defeat to my country's. I am afraid that American conservatives were glad, even, that it was an American flag that was first placed on the moon.

I walk dangerous ground here, I know, and my picture of the conservative may look to some eyes too much like that of a tribal savage. But conservatives *are* tribal—let us not pretend on this score. Conservatives are not indifferent to family, home, neighborhood, party, community, church, school, country, to all the interlinked ties that form man's existential context. They do not, like rationalists, dismiss these ties

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as prejudice and superstition, but find the meaning of human life in and with and through them. At heart (and the heart, too, has its reasons) even the most sophisticated conservatives are peasants, Norman Rockwell types.

4. Far from being a paradox, then, selectivity is a built-in feature of conservatism. A conservative is selective in his attitude, feelings and conduct toward other human beings. And so, naturally, is everyone else, liberals, radicals, fascists and anarchists as well as conservatives. But there is a small difference, a distinction, to be mentioned. Liberals (I will omit the others) are, like all other men, selective in their human dealings, as Prof. Berger recognizes, but, unlike conservatives, they can find no authorization in their doctrine, in liberal ideology, for being so. On the contrary, their doctrine, in its rationalist way, insists on the universality of all the dos and don'ts, the rights and duties and goals and privileges. So when liberals overlook Mao's crimes in their joy that we are now playing ping-pong with him, or tell us how awful the Greek colonels are but can't wait to be invited on a cultural visit to Russia, or, like Princeton's President Goheen a couple of weeks ago, are unable to find a violation of free speech when it is the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff whose speech is being violated, or call publicly for busing other parents' children in order to integrate schools while they send their own children to private sanctuaries, then we do indeed confront a paradox (not to say a flaw) in liberalism's moral stance. Since liberal theory has no place for the selectivity that will nevertheless characterize liberal conduct, liberals must be surreptitious about their selecting, hiding it from others and, more damaging, from themselves. Hypocrisy and guilt, as a result, are often companions even of the liberal's most innocent and natural bias.

Sharing the Indignation

5. There is another small point to add concerning the particular sorts of selectivity to which American conservatives have been prone in recent years. There are so very many things in the world to be upset about that there has got to be a division of labor. Everyone can't be upset all the time about everything. So by a tacit understanding, liberals, conservatives, Maoists, libertarians etc. tend to specialize. We will keep watch on infant starvation in underdeveloped nations while you check the purges by totalitarian governments; we will handle torture *by* guerrillas while you concentrate on torture *of* guerrillas; we will condemn the misdeeds of capitalist monopolies while you condemn the misdeeds of state monopolies, and so on.

For American conservatives the job openings in this field have been restricted in recent years. Since liberals have controlled the greater portion of the media, the censure-targets favored by liberals have naturally got a bigger play than those further down on the liberals' priority list or off it altogether. This has meant that when one of us conservatives gets a chance at a platform, we just don't have time to run through the whole litany. We would never get around to the latest outrage by the Kremlin or the Berrigan brothers if we had to begin each time with: "Franco is a fascist tyrant. The Portuguese are imperialist-colonialist racists. The white settlers gave the Red Indians a very raw deal. South African apartheid is worse than chattel slavery. The Greek colonels are a disgrace to the Parthenon. American aircraft have killed innocent Vietnamese civilians. After three hundred years American blacks still suffer injustice and discrimination. Poor people in Mississippi don't always have enough food. Medical service is frightful in the South Bronx. Babies are dying in Bangladesh. Guards in American prisons are sometimes brutal to prisoners. President Thieu rigged his election. Now may I call your attention to . . ."

6. "Conservatives have continued to point up the terror and the tortures of the Communist regimes in Europe, but they have been very reticent concerning terror in Brazil or tortures in Greece. . . . What I find morally intolerable is the general principle of applying different standards of what is humanly acceptable to Communist and anti-Communist regimes. To be sure, we must denounce 'their' murderers. We must also denounce 'ours.' . . . Conservatives have . . . tragically overlooked . . . the genuine moral outrage . . . at the atrocious conduct of this war by our own forces. . . . The devastation of large areas of the country designated as 'free fire zones,' . . . the routine torture of prisoners. . . . After all, it is always the case that one side's atrocities are the *Realpolitik* of the other."

Vanishing Spoor

In the paragraphs from which I have taken these sample quotations, Professor Berger's rhetoric has thrown me off his trail. His tropes are eloquent, but I can't figure out where he's going. Does that flourishing final sentence indeed imply, as it seems to do, that no valid distinctions can be made between "sides" on the basis of their respective atrocity records? Which "terror in Brazil" does he refer to—the sustained terror of the urban guerrillas against all sorts of persons, foreign and national, or the focused counter-terror against the guerrillas undertaken by a section of the police force? or has the reticence of the media with respect to the former led Prof. Berger to overlook its occurrence? Who are the "our" murderers that Prof. Berger has in mind? The phrase comes just after references to the present Greek regime, which would seem to be the indicated specification. But the colonels—almost unique in this among revolutionary coupsters—have not killed anyone, legally or illegally. What is Prof. Berger's evidence that, for "our forces" in Vietnam, "the routine torture of prisoners" is "standard operating procedure"? Is it indeed "morally intolerable" to draw a distinction between a police state in which arbitrary execution, exile, persecution, brainwashing and torture are integral, essential and pervasive elements and others in which —as to one or another degree under all human regimes—there is occasional unjustified killing or persecution? between one in which subjects have no rights and others in which rights are sometimes violated? I am not willing to agree, as I must by Prof. Berger's logic, that there was no significant moral differences between, say, the nineteenth-century czarist regime in Russia and the nineteenth-century parliamentary regime in Britain because both countenanced capital punishment.

I question the factual grounds stated or implied in some of Prof. Berger's dicta, but I realize this cannot be settled here. I question also the *lack* of selectivity in his indignations. He neglects, I think, some necessary theoretical distinctions. And there is also a practical dimension. We are not neutral judges issuing these moral verdicts from

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an off-planet tribunal. We are part of the action.

7. The moral judgments Prof. Berger makes in the course of his essay concern pain, suffering, torture and death. Reviewing them as a collection, it can be seen that his principal charge against conservatives is not in fact "selective humanism" but inhumanity—a lack of sensitivity and, to use his term, "humane compassion." This emerges sharply in his concluding emphasis on "hanging," and the "melancholy symmetry" he finds between *NR*'s "hangman's noose" cover and the *New York Review of Books*' Molotov cocktail cover. "In the perspective of perennial humanism, the conservative intellectual embracing the gallows looks amazingly like his leftist cousin hugging a bomb." (One might add endless series: "In the perspective of perennial humanism the policeman holding his revolver looks amazingly like his criminal cousin clasping his switchblade." "In the perspective of p. h., the judge sending the convicted defendant to jail looks amazingly like his criminal cousin kidnaping a judge." . . .)

In an article written for *NR*'s Fifteenth Anniversary issue (Dec. 1, 1970) Jeffrey Hart showed how the sensibility of the Western intellectual elite, liberal or leftist in ideological outlook, has more and more become fixed on suffering (pain, death) as the primary evil, especially the suffering of those who can be perceived as victims; and, correspondingly, on compassion or kindliness toward suffering, together with the impulse to relieve it, as the primary virtue. Prof. Berger's essay is a perfect illustration of Prof. Hart's text.

I think there is some truth in this charge that some, even many, conservatives are deficient, to some degree, in the kindliness and compassion we ought all to feel toward those whose lot is sorrow and suffering. Some conservatives do find it too convenient to turn off their compassionate feeling by some such stereotype as "It's their own fault," "They deserve it," or "There's nothing to do about it anyway." Prof. Berger's reminder is therefore, up to a point, in order. But conservatives must continue to insist that compassion, kindliness, love and brotherhood, essential as they are to the good life, are not of themselves an adequate canon of the virtues, above all of those virtues indispensable to organized human society, which is after all the only mode of human life. Courage, duty, discipline and especially self-discipline, loyalty, endurance, yes (if I may be permitted the vulgarity) patriotism are also on the list. Conceivably Prof. Berger is right in finding "a sign of hope for the future of the society" in "the movement against the Vietnam war," but we had better add some of the qualities more characteristically present among our astronauts.

8. Though I gather he has arrived by a different route, Prof. Berger is at present located among a group in this country that has been expanding fairly rapidly in the past two or three years. Though not confined to intellectuals, intellectuals are by the nature of things prominent among them; and among the intellectuals a good many of those who write for the magazines *Commentary* and *The Public Interest* are conspicuous. Most of them have in the past defined themselves as liberals, some still further to the left.

Liberal Mind and Liberal Feeling

What is common to this group, which is in other ways varied, is: a) a break with liberal doctrine, which they find both intellectually bankrupt and, by and large, pragmatically sterile in the present and unfolding situation; b) a retention, by and large, of what might be called the emotional gestalt of liberalism, the liberal sensitivity and temperament. Prof. Berger's essay is composed from this amalgam.

I believe the present uneasy dualism in the spiritual condition of these intellectuals (and the less verbal who are on the same course) indicates a transitional state that is bound to develop further into a more integral outlook. I do not think it is going to lead, in most cases, to a "conversion" to what has been American conservatism up to now. Much of conservative doctrine (if conservatism can be thought of as doctrine rather than attitude) also is, if not quite bankrupt, more and more obviously obsolescent. Nor will I maintain that American conservatives have adequately adjusted their moral and emotional stance.

The signs of transition detectable at the loftier verbal levels are no less plain in the swirl of political and social currents: very clear right now in the shifting dynamics of the Democratic nomination campaign. I think, as do many others, that we are moving toward a general reshuffling of forces. My own guess is that the general line-up in the new pattern will be the drop-outs (zero-minus growth, reduce the GNP, less energy output, abortion-on-demand, disarm, euthanasia, arrest technology, turn back from space, let Nature be . . .) *v.* those of us who want to keep going; or, as it could be summed up, suicide *v.* survival. □

Four Epigrams

Sourpuss

Scorpus feels "oppressed." Why?
His poems are read.
He enjoys a fair modicum of fame.
His wife is attractive
& his kids go
to private schools. Still Scorpus
feels
"oppressed." Why?
He's successful.

Non Amo Te

I hate your guts, Sabidius. Why?
You resemble me in every way.
That's why.

Traitor's Horace

It is not sweet and fitting to die for
one's country.
But for the enemy's—ah—that's
different
—lovely!

From Palladas

When I saw our Professor of Public
Speaking
Stand up
& slowly button his suit jacket
Before the entire faculty
I was impressed.

—Richard O'Connell

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BRAZIL REVISITED

One year later, Mr. Rodman returns and is astonished by Brazil's economic boom under a revolutionary government that believes in capitalism and doesn't hate the U.S. But there's stormy weather ahead, says the author

After the Prosperity, the Problems

SELDEN RODMAN

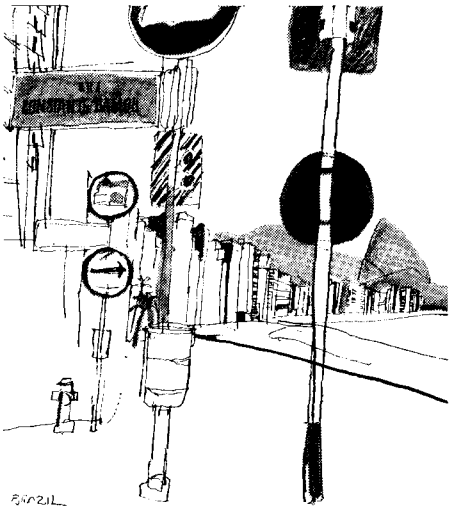
"THE BIG CHANGE over last year," a businessman told me on my arrival in Brazil this time, "is that whereas little people on the way up used to say 'The system doesn't permit me to be *wealthy*,' they now say 'If I'm not doing well, it must be my own fault.' "

More cynically, a Brazilian intellectual said to me: "There are three big symbols of our adulthood. The first was winning the International Soccer Championship. The second was insisting on the two hundred mile fishing limit, despite your opposition. And the third was sending a Brazilian to Washington for the first time without his hands out—President Médici's January visit. "We're even imperialists now," he added with a laugh, "pupils of your Marshall Plan and AID handouts. We're offering to help backward neighbors like Guyana and Bolivia—provided they Buy Brazil!"

Seeing all this with my own eyes, marveling anew at the absence of that belligerent inferiority complex that afflicts the rest of Latin America, and yet fully aware of the price the United States is now paying for the anarchic freedom given the Robber Barons who "developed" us with this same indifference to consequences, I began to ask questions that last year would have seemed impertinently premature.

Cui Bono?

Surely the upper class. Money is being made in São Paulo and Rio as never before. Under the tax-incentive program, where you're "forgiven" if you reinvest, factories are springing up in parts of Brazil that never saw any before. The consumer class has no advocate like Ralph Nader, and seems to want none. The medium-priced hotels charge $25 a day and up, and almost all the customers are Brazilians—American tourists can't afford it. Shirts on Avenida Copacabaña bring 45 dollars. Cars cost double and triple what they do in the States—and Brazil can't produce enough of them.



Probably the middle class. I say "probably" only because it's difficult to determine who the middle class is and the extent to which it's growing. Three thousand new Volkswagens appear in Rio alone each year, and buying a Volkswagen is as good a badge of entry into the middle class as any. A sociological footnote was provided by an American whose large chain of chicken-in-the-basket restaurants had just caught on. "What triggered acceptance in Campinas," he told me, "was the sight of the mayor there one day. Up to then, the middle class, who've just stepped up from the class that eats even *rice* with its fingers, wouldn't have been seen dead gnawing on a drumstick."

Possibly organized labor. According to a University of California economist, the upper 3.2 per cent of the labor force commanded 31.1 per cent of the income in 1970, compared to about 27 per cent in 1960; in other words, the unskilled labor force was losing ground. Some argue that they are better off, even so, because the infrastructure is improving: they have better roads, schools, housing and medical facilities.

Controversy still rages over whether the Revolution's great innovation, the Workmen's Guaranteed Retirement Fund (FTGS) benefits the worker or skins him. Its critics, who derisively call its inventor Roberto Campos "Bobby Fields," claim that it's just another device for diverting wages into capital development, and look back nostalgically to the old system under Vargas-Kubitschek-Quadros-Goulart where a fired worker got a year's pay for every year he'd worked, and could spend the money any way he chose. Under the Campos system, as carried on by his successor Delfim Neto, social security funds are channeled directly into the National Housing Bank, thereby giving workers the chance to own their own homes at reasonable mortgage rates. One result has been a tremendous job-creation in construction, plumbing and related industries. The worker for the first time has a stake in the system. Under the old order he jumped from job to job, with nothing set aside, and generally no home; moreover he'd become

Mr. Rodman's most recent book, South America of the Poets, *has just been reissued as a University of Southern Illinois paperback. He is now working on a book about Brazil.*

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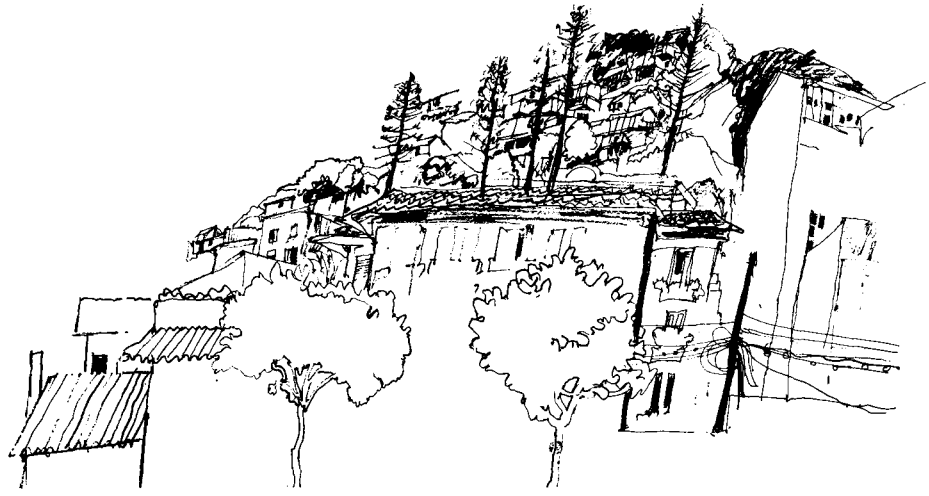
a drone, with no incentive to produce, for employers couldn't *afford* to fire the inefficient. He still has the option of leaving or moving to a better job, but since the funds accumulated to his credit in the social security fund will eventually enable him to own his home, his desire to work well and continuously is stimulated.

Not the unskilled, farm labor or domestics. From 50 to 70 per cent of all those who work are in this lowly category, and very few would argue that they're better off than they were a decade ago. Outspoken critics of the regime (who can't be named, for obvious reasons) claim that they are worse off. "They say that inflation is in check," one of them said to me, "that the cost of living only went up 19.7 per cent last year. OK. But what they don't point out is that the cost of rice and beans went up 86 per cent, and meat 160 per cent. To be sure, the price of caviar only went up 2 per cent, car tires only 4 per cent, but who buys such luxuries? Obviously the 11.3 per cent growth rate in the GNP is benefiting—at best—about 11.3 per cent of the Brazilian people."

I spoke to an education official in the state government of São Paulo who made the same point obliquely. He had hired a new maid the week before and was astounded when she told him that she'd quit teaching primary school to be a domestic. He asked her why. Because, she said, she had managed to squeak by on her salary of 60 *cruzeiros* ($12) a month; but when they started paying even that only every other month she couldn't support her family. (The "official" minimum wage in Brazil, incidentally, is Cr$240 monthly—$48.)

The Northeast? Land reform? Transamazonica?

Imagine Appalachia stretching from Washington to Southern California and containing a third of the population of the United States, and you have some idea of the enormity of the problem of Brazil's arid Northeast. Some say it can only be solved by a massive colonization of the Amazon jungle, and others say it is insoluble. Only a very few, like Archbishop Dom Helder Camara, think it can be solved by land reform. But since the revolutionary government's major drive is toward industrial development through private initiative, it has no use for neo-Marxist solutions, and its approach to the Northeast is oblique. One agency (SUDENE)) has had considerable success redistributing tax money from the rich South into new industries along the Northeast between Salvador and Belém; but this has had little effect on unemployment, for such industries are invariably "non-labor-intensive" (i.e., automated) and quite often the southern parent companies bring their own personnel with them. Another agency called Terranova is supposed to make use of unused lands and sugar estates that lose money,



but it has yet to get off the ground. Transamazonica gets a large slice of the federal budget but so far most of the funds have gone into road-building (also non-labor-intensive since huge machines do most of the work). Efforts to get Northeasters to farm the terrain along the new east-west and north-south roads are only in the experimental stage. It's one thing to induce a man of the dry backlands, already debilitated with intestinal parasites, to move into the steaming jungle with its unknown perils and diseases; and it's still another to supply him so well with tools, credit and technical know-how that he won't go broke and lose his homestead to landsharks. Cynics say that the roads so far have only served as avenues by which the jungle Indians escape to civilization. But in the long stretch the government's effort is bound to pay off, providing some solution to the overpopulation of the Northeast, unless . . .

Ecology Is Ignored

Thus far, it is ignored; and for the best (and most irrelevant) of nationalistic reasons. "So the Amazon jungle provides a third of the world's supply of oxygen?" said a Brazilian friend of mine in Manaus, "so why don't we charge rent for its use to the rest of you oxygen-consumers who have already destroyed your own forests and polluted your rivers? We'll keep our 'Wild West' intact for your benefit as long as you provide us with other means of developing our natural resources and colonizing our expanding population."

The same thinking was expressed to me less bluntly by Juscelino Kubitschek, the former president of Brazil who built Brasília and the first roads into the vast hinterland. I asked whether he was worried that Brazil's population growth is one of the highest in the world. "Why should I worry," he answered, "when we're three times as big as India and have less than a sixth as many people?"

I found myself thinking, in spite of my fears, along the same lines as I flew for four hours at jet-speed between Manaus and the new capital. Where were those new roads and settlements? The virgin forest stretched for hundreds of miles on either side of our plane without a break in its green blanket; surely it would take a century for the puny hand of man to make a scratch in such an awesome wilderness! And yet I was told in Rio the next week that hardly a trace remains of the jungles that covered western Paraná as recently as 1955. Growth is fast in the humid lowlands. But slash-and-burn agriculture, even when new trees are planted, creates so much *shade* that the forest giants that take fifty years to mature *never get started.* Only the valueless scrub reproduces itself. It remains to be seen whether the one serious experiment in reforestation—a three million acre tract of rain forest between Santarém and Macapá which the American

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billionaire Daniel Ludwig is cutting and replacing with fast-growing African Jemalinas—will work.

The revolutionary government is said to be concerned about the environmental peril, but I saw no practical evidence of it in my travels back and forth across Brazil. One item in a newspaper mentioned almost proudly the "record" set by a small industrial city in São Paulo State as "the most polluted in the world." The capital of that state, Latin America's largest city, already has smog and traffic problems comparable to those of Los Angeles and New York. Rio's incomparable beaches, as crowded with bathers as ever, all have bacteriological counts that are considered unacceptable—if not hazardous; and the shores of that city's largest brackish lagoon (Lagoa) have to be periodically combed of millions of putrefying fish that strayed in from the ocean and were poisoned. Oil rigs are beginning to appear along the Atlantic shelf between Salvador and Recife; and it is admitted that if even one of them should spring a leak, or a tanker collides with another alongside, the fishing grounds and beaches would be ruined. As for the ecologists' terminal axiom—that unless *both* industrial expansion and population growth are strictly controlled, the planet will be uninhabitable in less than a century—Brazilians haven't heard about it. Only in the veiled aphorisms of a newspaper column by the poet Carlos Drummond de Andrade did I see so much as a hint of awareness: "If we build skyscrapers that turn grey in hours, the hippies are showing good sense to live on deserted beaches. . . . In times of pollution, total concern may be too little."

Repression to What End?

The unprecedented and enduring popularity of President Médici with all sectors of the population serves to point up the precariousness of the military dictatorship. As long as the present growth-rate continues and General Médici remains at the helm, opposition will not surface. Farm labor, the unskilled, domestics, taxi drivers, workers in light industry may be as poor or poorer, but as a result of the boom more members of a family are employed than ever before, so the family survives and accepts the promise of better days ahead.

The political crisis, if there is one, will come in 1974. If the boom continues, General Médici will be able to handpick his successor: another moderate general with some chance of approximating his genius for understanding the limits of power and not rocking the boat. But if not? Well, there are Peruvian-type leftists among the generals, supernationalists who resent the virtually free hand given American business in building Brazil into industrial gianthood. It was significant (though Brazilians never knew it) that when one of these officers, General Albuquerque Lima, was retired last year with less than four-star rank, the Establishment took the precaution of going on full military alert.

If the torture of political prisoners —never a practice pursued by the federal government itself—has stopped, that is either because the small bands of terrorists in the big cities have been eliminated, or because President Médici himself has cracked down on the offending (and overlapping) police agencies. The larger problem is that the public has no way of knowing about this, or anything else. So pervasive is the censorship that even the government's *good* moves go unpublicized. Only an American military attaché, for example, seemed to know that after Médici fired his air force commander last fall, his very next act was to remove the commander's subordinate for the Rio military district, a man, it was reputed, who condoned brutalizing political prisoners. The following month, when the government caught the governor of Paraná accepting kickbacks and promptly removed him, the issue of *Veja* (the outspoken Brazilian *Time*) that alone risked reporting this laudable action was seized on the newsstands and confiscated!

The censorship is not only unnecessary but stupid. For from the kind of political vacuum thus created, only extremism can emerge. Around such "cassated"* national figures as Kubitschek, Jânio Quadros and Carlos Lacerda an aura of martyrdom is created in which their various degrees of responsibility for the corruption and inflation of 1954-64 are forgotten. Or consider the case of Esmeraldo Tarquino, the first black ever to have been elected mayor of a big Brazilian city (Santos). Depriving him of his political rights before he could take office, and replacing him with a general from a distant state, not only deprived organized labor of a moderate spokesman but created the suspicion that Brazil's vaunted freedom from racial prejudice is a delusion. Forbidding the press even to mention Archbishop Helder Camara only insured that twenty thousand people would turn out for his unadvertised Christmas pageant in Recife, and that he would continue to be a hero to such idols of the youth as Chico Buarque de Holanda, whose popular songs (those that pass the censor) are avidly scanned for "hidden" double meanings that could be interpreted as protests against the dictatorship.

The one thing that the puritan generals *could* profitably censor, to their benefit and the benefit of Brazilian culture, is left untouched. In every city I visited the movie houses were featuring *Easy Rider*, *Woodstock*, *M*A*S*H* and *Shaft*. Presumably the generals aren't pushing drug addiction, dropping out, pacifism, contempt for patriotism or antiwhite militancy, but if they think such films won't sooner or later infect the relatively serene Brazilian culture, they're simply being naïve.

Revolution for Whom?

In the long haul, the brilliant Education Minister, Jarbas Passarinho, may hold the key to success or failure.

Exasperated with the consistent failure of my hotel to make telephone connections, deliver mail or even transmit messages delivered in person, I asked an educator in Rio one day why this endemic inefficiency wasn't slowing down Brazil's industrial surge. "Eventually," he answered, "it will. The automobile industry is efficient, but it is surrounded by inefficient people—that is, illiterates. We're not educating enough youth. The federal expenditure for the armed forces is double that provided for education. And only here in Guanabara (Rio) are we getting away from learning by rote." An educator in São Paulo corrected one of his points. "Don't forget," he said, "that a big slice of the military budget goes for things like roads and rural emergency health services from which the public benefits; and that another big slice goes for their own schools which are well-staffed and turn out civilian as well as military graduates. The great

(Continues on page 540)

* When a man is *cassado*, his political rights are taken away from him for ten years.

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POPULATION EXPLOSION

A Conservative Reacts

WILLIAM PETERSEN

How fast any country's population grows depends on its fertility, mortality and net migration. That statement is both a truism and, in a sense, far less true than it once was, for the relative importance of the three components has changed decisively. In spite of masses of refugees, such small anomalies as Israel, and a continual international shift of labor, the size of today's populations is seldom altered much by either emigration or immigration. Nor does population growth any longer differ significantly because of a variation in death rates. In developed nations we die mostly of old age, and since there are many elderly persons, proportionately many of us die. In underdeveloped areas, where relatively few reach advanced ages, the mass control of infant and child mortality has brought death rates down to the same general level as in the West. At a recent date (the latest for which figures were available), when 9.6 Americans died per 1,000 in the population, the comparable rates were eleven in South Korea, six in Taiwan, seventeen in India, eight in Ceylon, fourteen in Algeria, ten in Venezuela, twelve in Paraguay, and so on through virtually all the so-called developing countries. True, these figures are less accurate than those compiled by industrial nations, but not enough so to invalidate the point.

With international migration no more than a slight residue, with mortality phenomenally low throughout the world, and with the enormous differences in population growth thus reflecting mainly a higher or lower fertility, a population policy consistent with conservative principles is harder to work out. It has become an empty gesture to demand an end to controls on international movements or yet faster reductions in mortality. The issue —on a world scale, almost the only issue—concerns fertility.

For policymakers of diverse political views, the close association between fertility and family has posed a recurrent dilemma. The totalitarian parties of both Nazi Germany and the Soviet Union, for example, saw the family as a block to their revolutionary aims. In order to get the population increases they wanted, both parties established imaginative alternatives: high-class whorehouses where women certified as Aryan could be impregnated by SS-men on leave, or the state orphan asylums in which a whole generation of Soviet secret police was trained. But neither country succeeded in supplanting the traditional procreative childrearing institution, and their combined family-population policy fluctuated wildly as one or the other purpose was stressed.

For the conservative, on the contrary, the family is perhaps the key social institution, the strongest link between the past and the future. And the same dilemma in reverse has commonly appeared in conservative statements on population. Communist and Catholic delegates to international meetings of demographers used typically to join forces (with some embarrassment, one hopes, on both sides) against the common enemy of neo-Malthusians. Now that both ideologies are in disarray, these strange bedfellows have parted company, but a clear Catholic—or more general conservative—population policy has not evolved. The elements of such a policy can be suggested in a series of postulates:

1. *The family of husband, wife and children is the appropriate setting in which to procreate and rear each new generation.* As a professor in daily touch with the products of the American family during the 1960s, I lack any fervor in proffering this axiom. Yet as against any alternatives—the Israeli kibbutz, the Chinese commune or its American imitations, the matriarchal unit that some black nationalists now defend—the standard form is still the best available in an imperfect world.

2. *The family is not merely a private association but a social institution. Society at large has a legitimate right to set certain controls over how its members behave as parents.* Few would challenge this dictum in most of its applications. If parents cruelly maltreat their children, or if they refuse to have them educated, or if in accord with a religious belief they deny them a vaccination, the state's effort to protect the quality of the next generation is generally endorsed. But in many parts of the world, quality is deteriorating largely because of excess quantity. It is also legitimate for the state, under such circumstances, to induce prospective parents not to have an excessive number of children.

3. *Parents have the right to decide on the number of their children, and the state has the right to set conditions that affect that decision.* So long as the state's intervention has been pronatalist, few have challenged its legitimacy. To exempt married men from the draft, for instance, has been regarded as a reasonable protection of the family institution; in recent years, it has also become a significant stimulus to early and often ill-based marriages. To impede married women from working outside the home was long regarded as an appropriate defense of their familial functions, and the recent and partial reversal in the United States has not been imitated in most underdeveloped countries. The earlier premise was that since parents contributed to the general welfare with their progeny, they therefore should be excused from a portion of the taxes and services otherwise due the state; by the same logic, those who reduce the general welfare by excessive procreation should pay an increment to society.

4. *Choosing the means by which responsible parenthood is realized should typically be the parents' option.* In my opinion, the state cannot legitimately prohibit voluntary sterilization, abortion or the private dissemination of contraceptives. On the other hand, I think it a serious error in a country like the United States for any public jurisdiction—not to say the Federal

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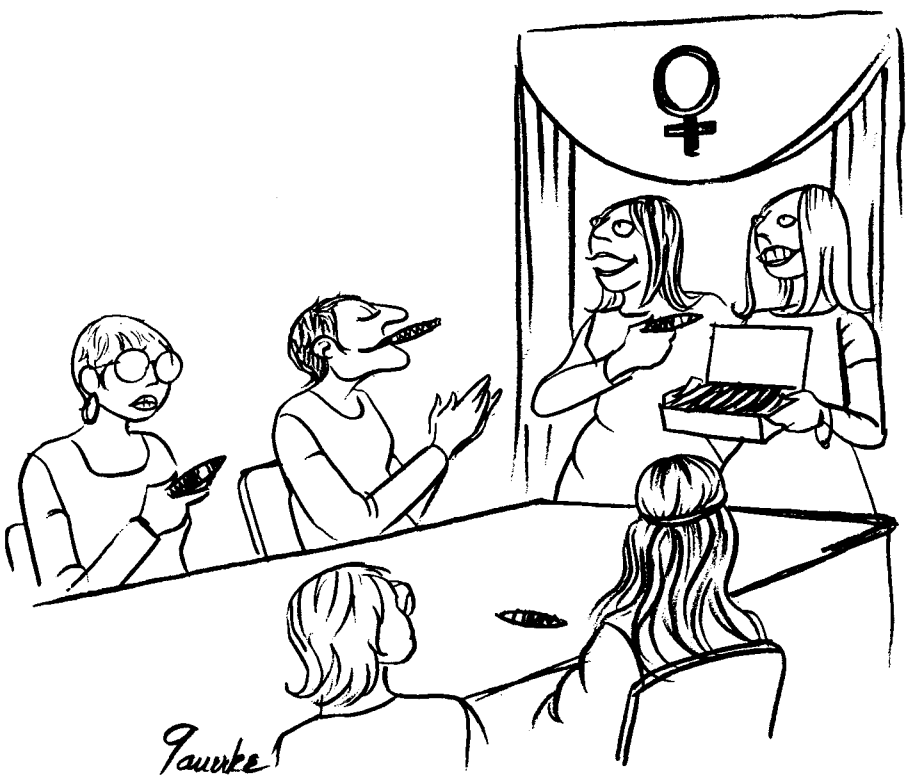
Government itself—to get involved in what still remains a highly emotional moral dispute, distributing under official auspices contraceptive pills whose absolute safety has yet to be proved. The one important deterrent to excessive reproduction that the state legitimately has, setting barriers to early marriage, has not been used—but the contrary. The prior norm that a person should be economically responsible before he or she undertakes parenthood has been all but abandoned; for example, public universities now use tax money to build expensive special quarters for married students and their children. The policy should have been to reinforce the earlier rules, inducing adolescents to postpone marriage until they have acquired social as well as physiological maturity.

5. *Rapid population growth, particularly in a country endeavoring to modernize its society, undercuts democratic, gradualist policies and thus can lead to totalitarian solutions.* That conservatives have mostly supported the most disruptive revolution of our unsettling times is a paradoxical aberration from principle. India, for instance, must cope with the population of another Great Britain, or another Germany, during each five-year period, and this immeasurable burden is on a society that can hardly carry its normal toll. Apart from excessive growth, a rapid increase means a high proportion of youth, who by their lack of experience, impatience and animalistic energy are generally the most susceptible to demagogic appeal. Even in the United States, one delayed effect of the postwar baby boom was Eugene McCarthy's "children's crusade" and the often youth-led extremism of the 1960s.

No less than Adam Smith, his mentor, or David Ricardo, his friend and colleague, Thomas Robert Malthus was an important precursor of modern conservative thought. Malthus' dire warnings against the social consequences of unchecked population growth, the more familiar part of his doctrine, have become all too relevant, as we say in academia. More important to a conservative is the less well-known remedy that he proposed: to instill in each prospective parent a sense of personal and family responsibility, through which we would come to choose fewer offspring of high quality over many offspring of more dubious social worth. Not only were Malthus' analyses and forecasts amazingly prescient, but his social policies, though well ahead of his own day, express precisely the fundamentals of twentieth-century conservatism.

Many persons, however they define their own political orientation, are inclined to half-agree with the dictionary definition of "conservatism" (the *second* edition of *Webster's New International*): "The disposition and tendency to preserve what is established; opposition to change." The anomalies that follow from such a simplistic view can be illustrated with one striking instance in another context. In 1932-1936, when the country at large swung to support of the New Deal, among those most opposed were Protestant New Englanders and the silk-stocking wards of Eastern cities. And if Kevin Phillips is correct in his thesis that a new Republican majority emerged with Nixon's victory in 1968, these same social groups are again the last to accept the new turn. At one point in his book, Phillips seems to play with the notion of labeling as "conservative" the Harvard faculty, the constituencies of Senator Muskie and former Congressman Lindsay; but he is too serious an analyst to abandon the meaning of an important designation to a joke, even a good one.



"Let's hear it for Jackie Lannon who just had her first abortion."

In a better definition than the dictionary's, conservatism means the disposition to adhere to certain principles of social organization and personal freedom and, as corollaries, to oppose changes that would violate those principles and foster such other changes as would help preserve or develop them. The usual approbation of large families and rapid population growth is not truly based on conservative principles; it derived from opposition to birth control (now, apart from the minor issue of the means employed, a dead issue) and from an illogical extension of "The family is good" to "The larger a family is, the better." By all the traditional norms of the West, *the* criterion of familial excellence is responsible parenthood, which connotes the opposite of a free and easy propagation. And apart from family principles per se, in many parts of the world the social effects of rapid population growth are so devastating that the true conservative must condemn the institutions which encourage it.

In family size and population growth, as in all else, the key to conservative policy is moderation. □

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SOME REFLECTIONS . . .

. . . on the Geopolitical Nature of Nobel Prizes

MAX GELTMAN

SINCE 1901 the Nobel Prize for Literature has been awarded almost every year to about seventy authors from 25 different countries.

Sometimes the awards have gone to two winners from a single nation. For instance, little Denmark was doubly honored when Gjellerup and Pontoppidan walked away with the coveted prize in 1917. Right here I must confess that I have never read a word by either of these literary giants, for such they must be, else why did they get the award? Which brings me to ponder the further question: Why these two in 1917 and no one else? And why—to continue nourishing my bewilderment—Denmark and not, say, Holland, a little country that has not to this day been so honored?

A study of the prize seems to show a geopolitical pattern that is both startling and erratic. Europe is favored over the rest of the world, although Japan has been chosen once (Yasunari Kawabata in 1968—he committed suicide just two weeks ago) as has India (Tagore in 1913)—and Africa not at all.

It is of course *possible* that the Africans (or Chinese) have produced as distinguished a literary master as Halldór Laxness of Iceland (1955). As in the case of the great Danes, however, I have never read a word he wrote; nor do I know just which phase of the lit'ry arts he excelled in—prose, poetry, history or philosophy. (Representatives in all these fields have been selected for the annual trip to Stockholm.) Why Ivo Andric of Yugoslavia (1961) was singled out I do not know. But there must be a reason, although so far it has eluded me. And continues to elude me as I read names like Pearl Buck (U.S.A., 1938), Salvatore Quasimodo (Italy, 1959), Sillanpää of Finland (1939), Juan Jiménez (but *not* Ortega y Gasset) of Spain (1956), and scores of similar identities who mean nothing (to me) but may have—must have—some meaning to the Swedish Academy.

Take the year 1910. In that year there passed away Mark Twain and Count Leo Tolstoy. Let it be further recorded that the laureate dispensers in Sweden found insufficient merit in either to bestow upon them the Nobel Prize for Literature. But in that year Paul J. Heyse of Germany brought back to his native land the sprig of laurel that elevated him—for an instant—to stardom in the literary firmament.

Now don't ask me why he got the prize or what he wrote or if he is still alive. I record it only to illustrate the vague nature of the awards as they come upon us annually, and which seem designed to honor a nation rather than the practitioner of the art of beautiful letters, at least in some cases. Here I must pause to pay tribute to Jean-Paul Sartre who had the gumption to turn down the award in 1964. But Pasternak (1958) who did not decline it never received it; nor has (so far) Solzhenitsyn (1970). The only "old" Russian who was tapped for the honor was Ivan Bunin in 1933 who was then in exile posing as a "Gentleman from San Francisco."

ON THE WHOLE the Russians have not done too badly. But almost 20 per cent of the prizes have gone to Frenchmen, even if they were not born in France or used French (always) as their literary language. A case in point is Samuel Beckett, that formidable Irishman who resides in France. He received his reward in 1969. But the Irish Irishman James Joyce was never honored; nor was the French Frenchman Marcel Proust; nor the Polish Englishman, Joseph Conrad. But in 1924, the year Conrad died, another Pole, Wladyslaw Reymont, was ushered to Stockholm to receive the honor—and the cash. And, in 1922, the year Proust died, the Swedish Academy saw fit to honor Jacinto Benavente y Martínez of Spain whose talents seem diminished in face of the imposing Frenchman, which is not at all the fault of the noble Spaniard.

Sweden has walked away with about 10 per cent of all the honors, equaling the prizes to all the Englishmen and all the Americans (six each). But T. S. Eliot got it for England in 1948, while Ezra Pound has never been given the nod (not that *I* care), and the chance that Vladimir Nabokov will receive it is negligible for the same reason, probably, that Conrad never got it. Here it may be a matter of geography, although politics need not be excluded.

Nabokov, a Russian who writes masterful English prose, is an American citizen who lives in Switzerland. So much for his geographic difficulties. As for the "political" problem, it has been suggested that he put himself out of reach of the award when he ruffled the neutralist sensibilities of the prize-givers by saying he did not care what happened to South Vietnam so long as it did not become "Sovietnam."

No Yiddish writer has ever been thought worthy of the award, but Shmuel Agnon of Israel shared the prize with Nelly Sachs of Sweden in 1966. In 1967 Miguel Asturias of Guatemala took home the laurel. So we come to last year's prize winner, Pablo Neruda, the second Chilean poet to be honored by the Academy. The first was Gabriela Mistral in 1945.

Now it is of course possible that Neruda is the best poet in all Latin America, if not in the entire Spanish-speaking world. But it may also be that Social Democratic Sweden wanted to honor Salvador Allende, the newly elected Marxist president of Chile. That, however, need not detract from Neruda's poetic talents. He is, indeed, a gifted lyricist and a most agile writer.

In 1954 he limned a hymn to the great humanist Josef Stalin whom he hailed as "the high noon, the maturity of man and of the people." Later, with Stalin out and Khrushchev in, Comrade Neruda revised his earlier passion for the dictator and referred to him this time (1963) as "this cruel man [who] stopped life," which was, at least a more accurate assessment of his late Master, even if the earlier spark was lacking.

Neruda is a highly dedicated man,

(Continues on page 543)

Mr. Geltman, a regular NR *contributor, is a student of Soviet affairs.*

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LETTER FROM BERLIN

Easter at the Wall

DAVID BRUDNOY

I'VE JUST SPENT Holy Week in Berlin, and found the experience more moving than one lacking in theistic leanings probably should. Not since 1966 have West Berliners been allowed through the Wall to visit the Eastern sector of the city. Never since the Soviets erected the hideous Wall in 1961 have East Berliners been able to visit the Western sector; this year is no exception. But for about a half-million West Berliners and their friends and relatives on the other side of the Wall, this Holy Week meant the chance to visit, to see, to touch.

Adding to the crush of people passing through "Checkpoint Charlie," I went first on Good Friday, there witnessing for the first time the reunion of many thousands of Berliners. Those from the West come carrying packages (gifts), dressed well, their East Berlin greeters dressed somberly with that type of cheap shoe so common in Communist Europe, often in ill-fitting suits and rather drab dresses. They rushed into the West Berliners' arms and all dashed off to enjoy the day. Again and again the experience was repeated. All over East Berlin that day I saw small groups of laughing people, hand in hand, clutching each other, trying, it seemed to me, to make up for years of separation.

I ask in my primitive German: Are you from West Berlin or East? Invariably, the better-dressed answer West Berlin, and the others, East. After a while I stop asking and begin making the assumption that I could already tell. To test that assumption I then started asking those I took to be West Berliners: When do we have to be back across the checkpoints? Again I was invariably right in my guess; it takes no super-wisdom, as the look of West Berliners, of whatever age, is simply different from that of those who live in the East.

Friday evening, back in West Berlin, I go to the huge Deutschlandhalle, seating sixteen thousand, and there, with perhaps ten thousand young Germans of the hippie persuasion, sit through an abominable performance of *Jesus Christ Superstar* in German. The production is designed to depict Jesus et al. as long-hair rebels squelched by Establishment types like Pilate and Herod. The audience sits reverently through this paean to themselves, and we file out, into the U-Bahn (subway) and away to our evening activities.

Holy Week being also Passover week, I go on Saturday to one of Berlin's few synagogues, there joining for the first time in years in a Sabbath service with a few hundred of the some five thousand Berlin Jews left of the pre-Hitler fifty thousand. There are few young people at the service—a phenomenon of modern Berlin is the great emigration of youngsters, and the general preponderance of older people everywhere in the city—but I ask a few older Jews what their life is like now. Contentment. I discern contentment. Pharoah, after all, has passed on. And this is a new Berlin, a non-Nazi, non-Communist Berlin.

IN THE evening, the Deutsche Oper performs *Parsifal* in the brilliant new Opera Hall. The opera, composed ninety years ago, is traditionally performed at Eastertime in Berlin, and the production is glorious. Out on the street at the end of the evening, I head on to the Kudamm, the main street, to revel in the lights and the sense of exhilaration. I can do whatever I want in West Berlin. So can the West Berliners. Not so in the East.

Back I go on Sunday, this time via the Friedrichstrasse station of the U-Bahn. One can go from one part of West Berlin through East Berlin on to West Berlin again any day of the week, any week, but the subway stops only at Friedrichstrasse, and to stop in the East, you have to get off there and undergo the usual Communist rigmarole: passport check, money check, the check to see that you're not bringing in any dangerous items like the *International Herald Tribune* or *Time* or even most West German magazines. The foreigner can use the Friedrichstrasse entrance point, or any other, anytime; the West Berliner, only this week.

The Sunday scenes were as on Friday. After a day of wandering, museum-going, talking with young people from whom I learn either something of the Soviet interpretation of history or, from a few, of their obvious desire to get out and go West, I return again to West Berlin, again by way of Friedrichstrasse station on the U-Bahn, as required on my day-permit. In the evening I go to an all-Beethoven concert played by the Berlin Philharmonic at the magnificent new Philharmonic Hall (nicknamed "Karajany Circus" after the orchestra's conductor, Herbert von Karajan). The concert over, I left the hall and looked ahead a few hundred feet to the Wall.

I know it's unfashionable these days —my President tells me so, in many ways—to use the terms "free world" and "Communist world." Yet Berlin is the perfect symbol of the meaning of those terms. The West is a lively, gay, thriving city of people doing what they please, confined within their city unless they take a plane out, but safe, safe at present, thanks to the Allied forces. The eastern part of the beautiful old capital city of Germany is a Socialist Paradise, desolate, to me artificial, its wind-swept Karl Marx Allee and even the once-brilliant Unter den Linden as barren in their sterile neatness as hospital corridors.

The east of Berlin is a place from which you may not leave, if you're an East Berliner, leave, that is, in a westerly direction, except under the most extraordinary circumstances. Little white crosses and wreaths mark spots along the Western side of the Wall where hundreds of East Berliners have tried unsuccessfully to escape to freedom. At best, the current negotiations among the German diplomats might mean an eventual thirty-days-per-year permission for West Berliners to visit the Eastern sector. East Berliners, however, will have to stay in Paradise. As Curtis Cate explained (*NR*, April 14), if Willy Brandt's Ostpolitik gets out of hand, there might not be much left on the Western side of the Wall. For the moment, though, West Berlin represents life and that unfashionable word, freedom. And Paradise? Paradise is grotesque. □

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Another Spring

THE BOMBS that thundered down on North Vietnam from American B-52s have fractured two years of campus peace. . . ." Thus the editorial in the *New York Times* that, in effect, tells the kiddies to get out there and demonstrate. Not violently, mind: "The question for students is how to express their outrage in terms of maximum political effectiveness. . . . The goal is not to shut down the universities but to end the war." Therefore—listen, now, students—"the rallies planned for [April 21] on many campuses will be most persuasive if their accent is on a return to reason . . ."

As it turned out, the accent of the rallies was pretty hard to gauge. Some ralliers wanted the bombing stopped, others wanted the North Vietnamese to win, still others wanted to raise a little pro forma hell. Student leaders—is there anything more obnoxious than a student leader?—all over the map supported the National Student Association's call for a "nationwide campus strike" on the 21st, but there were pathetically few student followers.

There was, to be sure, violence: Boston-area students had set the example earlier in the week by occupying and trashing Harvard's Center for International Affairs and the Boston University administration building. On The Day itself, police used tear gas and nightsticks at the University of Texas, were pelted with rocks at Stanford and the University of Maryland, and had to make arrests (mostly for highway obstruction) at Syracuse University (27), in downtown Detroit (15) and at Boise State College (15).

And that was just about it. Elsewhere, the protests were quiet and generally ignored: 10 per cent of the boys and girls at Vassar took part in "rallies and workshops," 75 students and faculty demonstrated at Dartmouth, eight hundred students—10 per cent—at the University of Pennsylvania voted to call an indefinite strike, and promised not to interfere with anyone who wished to cross the picket lines; a mere half the students at Berkeley—that's Yenan, folks—stayed away from classes on the 21st.

This year's outburst of rage took unprecedentedly funny forms. Ten members of the Harvard track squad announced they absolutely would not compete in a meet at West Point. Some cretin at Stanford stood up and proclaimed: "I'm a member of an affinity group called Geronimo. Our mission is to shut down the Hanson Microwave Lab [Cheers]. There are only eight of us [Laughter]." At the University of Illinois' Chicago Circle campus, full of alienated types from lower middle-class backgrounds, three hundred showed up for the antiwar rally. They gave the biggest cheers to Dill Taylor, a Marine veteran who did fourteen months in Vietnam. Taylor sat in the audience, all by himself, clapping and whistling as the campus-leader types and the tired rads tried to whip up enthusiasm. "Let's hear it for the administration," he hollered at one point; "I'd like to see a response for the return of spring and summer," he proposed later. The crowd loved it, and after the meeting only about 35 followed the leaders to an organizational meeting. "I'm just being irrelevant, like they are," Taylor explained aferward. "It was an attempt to make the meeting look absurd."

So all in all the campus protests were pale compared with those of the late Sixties, or the ones over Cambodia two springs ago. The bodies simply weren't available. It didn't seem to be a question of fear of police counterviolence. It was just plain boredom. "It's really depressing," said one veteran of the student movement. "It's really a bummer for the dudes who are working here to organize the strike. Every day is a failure for them and they know it because they can't make enough people feel the outrage and indignation."

The kids aren't about to go out and vote Republican, but clearly they no longer feel that "outrage" that animated their slightly older brothers and sisters a few years back—perhaps because the outrage was essentially phony, good enough to hitchhike on for awhile, but not really from the heart. They remain "alienated," but increasingly the alienation seems to be from the radical Establishment quite as much as from the grownup Establishment. And their alienation is by no means total: Just now, they seem to find going to classes a groovy thing, even if it means crossing picket lines.

Even the students who could be gotten out for a rally showed disenchantment with some of the old rhetoric. When, for instance, Bella Abzug ordered a crowd at Columbia to broaden the base, get together with the blacks, the women, the poor and all to "smash the corporate community and overthrow Nixon," she was booed. Imagine that happening in 1969 or 1970. At the University of Maryland, an SDSer urged that students *not* block U.S. 1: "We shouldn't hit the streets against the working people. For two years we have dissipated our energies on Route 1, alienating working people." The audience ignored him and went out to block the highway—for the third spring in a row, in what has clearly become more a tradition, like stealing the chapel bell, than a protest. At Harvard, antiwar forces sought to capitalize on a longstanding protest by black students (Harvard owns $20 million in shares of Gulf Oil, which has facilities in Angola, which . . .) by whipping up a coalition. A strike call went out—sell Gulf and stop the bombing—and was widely ignored; at last report class attendance stood at 75 per cent, not bad at all for Harvard during pleasant spring weather.

Now the leaders have fallen back and called a campus moratorium for May 4; that action will perhaps come off better, demanding as it does such bold actions as the wearing of black armbands. If the leaders are wise, they won't demand too much of their subjects: Massive strikes, seizures of buildings and tired coalition-building seem to be on the way out (though one or two overreactions by the authorities could bring them right back in). Shall we watch carefully to see if some campus genius, sniffing the air, proposes a Panty-Raid for Peace? □

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BOOKS

The Pound Vortex

GUY DAVENPORT

The Pound Era
By Hugh Kenner
University of California,
606 pp., $14.95

A little past one o'clock on the fifth of June 1915, Corporal Henri Gaudier of Seventh Company, 129th Infantry, Capitaine Ménager commanding, ordered his squad to fix bayonets and deploy themselves in diamond formation around him as they went over the top. The artillery cover began to crack its flat thunder behind them, whining over their heads to blow yet more of the grey stone houses of Neuilly St. Vaast to rubble, where the Germans were dug in.

In the charge Corporal Gaudier was cut to pieces by machinegun fire. He was 23 years old. He was descended from sculptors who had worked on Chartres. The preceding November he had lain in mud and watched a cathedral burn, the lead of its molten roof dropping in great white globs through Gothic tracery.

This Corporal Gaudier, cited for bravery, remembered by his fellow soldiers for his intelligence, was one of the greatest sculptors of our century. He signed his work Henri Gaudier-Brzeska, adding the name of his Polish mistress to his own. Though it is futile to guess what work he would have done had he lived, it is now clear that he died with the century.

What we call the twentieth century ended in 1915. Those artists who survived the collapse of civilization at that point completed the work they had planned before then, when they looked forward to a century of completely different character. Joyce wrote his *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*, books implicit in the nineteenth-century idea of literature. Proust, aware that tanks were crawling like monsters out of H. G. Wells and Jules Verne over the poplar-lined road to Illiers, completed his account of the world which the war obliterated as the brimstone Sodom.

What the war blighted was a renaissance as brilliant as any in history which we can only know by the survivors and by the early work of the dead—the Alain-Fourniers (Battle of the Meuse, 1914), Sant' Elias (Monfalcone, 1914), Apollinaires (1918), Gaudiers.

No MAN was more aware of this renaissance than Ezra Pound, one of its most vigorous instigators and the center of its vortex. Gaudier had carved his bust (after sixty years it is still as smartly and strangely modern as the day it was finished; there is something classical in its ability to resist becoming a period piece); Gaudier had read *Cathay* to his troops. *Cathay* ("Pound is the inventor of Chinese poetry for our time."—T. S. Eliot), *Personae* (actors' masks!), *Cantos*; Pound's poetry was very new and very old at once. The man seemed to live deep in history and yet he was the present for writers alive with the idea of being modern. Even now Pound's genius for the ancient and the modern together has not been generally grasped. Our ignorance of the past blinds us to his finest accomplishments. Unless he designates that a poem is a paraphrase of Latin, we miss it, Latin having dropped from classrooms. Nor is it a settled matter that Pound is a master poet. The great paradox with which Mr. Kenner must struggle in this first full-scale study of Pound and his era is that Pound was first to arrive in the modern renaissance, and his reputation will be the last to arrive in its proper place in the world's opinion.

MR. KENNER'S study (a history book, a book of explication, "an X-ray moving picture," as he calls it) has been ten years in the writing. It is not so much a book as a library, or better, a

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new kind of book in which biography, history, and the analysis of literature are so harmoniously articulated that every page has a narrative sense. Mr. Kenner's prose, always a miracle of compression and robust grace, is here brought to a perfection. Has anyone since De Quincey written English with such verve and color? Has any scholar ever been so thorough?

Mr. Kenner's peculiar genius is the ability to move into a subject as Tolstoy constructs an episode: with the authority of a sure hand, with the steady accumulation of detail a sense of effect demands, and always, always, the perfect awareness that something is being explained and that somebody is following. There is a touch of the magician in Mr. Kenner; he knows when to produce the dove from a clap of empty hands, when to make his audience suck in its breath with surprise.

Era, an age; *the Pound era*. It began in Philadelphia, in the classrooms of philology ("we studied until we dropped," Pound once said) and in the now gone and impossible idealism of students at the turn of the century. (There were, for instance, but two students in the Catullus class at Penn in 1904. Thirty-five years later those two students were knocking on the doors of two very different statesmen, to instruct them how to behave themselves. Pound failed to get an audience with Roosevelt to demonstrate to him how to avoid the Second World War, though the other student of Catullus, the Quaker saint George Walton, was admitted to the presence of Reichskanzler Hitler, to whose face he said, "thee art not a kind man.")

Learning, then, great, ardent learning, and idealism. Pound has always gone on the principle that if a thing can be thought it can, by golly, be done. One can animate the dead past and make it live again in a poem (*The Cantos*), one can find out the causes of wars, one can educate the people and make them noble, one can protect men of genius and see to it that they are known and that they get enough to eat. But all this fervent activity, maintained at fever pace for sixty years (even for thirteen years in a madhouse, one of Pound's most productive and busiest periods) can be put into a phrase: *to find the best in the past and pass it on.*

That is what Mr. Kenner demonstrates, the sifting of the past and the ways found for passing it on—and not in abstractions and mumblings through a hat, but with a passion for showing how things work (such as how a poem is translated, word by word, process by process, from the Chinese, from Greek, from Provençal) and how things came to be (such as most of the matter in *The Cantos*) and how things correlate: thus we have in *The Pound Era* the interwoven careers of Eliot, Joyce, Wyndham Lewis, William Carlos Williams, and others, even Amy Lowell (whose war with Pound over Imagism is germane to the plot, and Mr. Kenner's account of that battle makes the funniest pages in literary criticism since Mark Twain threw Cooper and danced on him).

The Pound Era is a book to be read and reread and studied. For the student of modern letters it is a treasure, for the general reader it is one of the most interesting books he will ever pick up in a lifetime of reading. This is because Mr. Kenner's mind is both thorough and particular. If the modern sense of words has a history (it does), he can work that history (another scholar's fat book, were another scholar to write it) into his narrative without dropping a single strand of his complex web. The elegantly relevant digressions in *The Pound Era* might be the work of a community of scholars rather than the diligent labor of Hugh Kenner.

AND THE *authority* of detail, of place, of time; how does he do *that*? For one thing, he has been and looked. He has been to the site of the concentration camp at Pisa and waited until the mountain beyond looked like Taishan, the Chinese sacred mountain. And then he has photographed it (he is a superb photographer), just as Pound saw it and described it in *The Cantos*. (There are 57 other illustrations, all an integral part of the narrative.) Mr. Kenner has also talked with most of the characters in the book: Eliot, Lewis, Beckett, Williams, Zukofsky, Marianne Moore, Pound ("marvelous raconteur, Professor Kenner," Miss Rudge, Pound's companion, once explained to me, who had known that fact for twenty years, and Pound nodded gravely, in assent).

BUT WHY the Pound Era? Why did Mr. Kenner, who has written similarly thorough studies of Wyndham Lewis, Joyce, Eliot, Beckett (even Chesterton) and delightful studies of invisible movements among things and people, styles and metamorphoses of the spirit (*The Stoic Comedians*, *The Counterfeiters*), why has he cast his masterpiece around Pound and the genius he fostered? One reason is obviously Pound's difficulty (caused not by Pound but by the withering of the audience for which he thought he was writing) and consequent need of lucid explication. Another is that Pound was indeed the center of literature in English for those sixty years, or if you think Joyce should have that position, the center of the *men* of letters, as Picasso was the center of painting, Brancusi the center of sculpture, Wittgenstein the center of philosophy. Pound alone was vocal and mobile. He alone wrote stacks of letters daily, saw everyone, knew everyone, and eventually suffered the tragedy in real which all the greatest of modern artists suffered symbolically or cast into their art.

For they were all exiles, the borders of their homelands closed to them. Picasso spoke to fascist Spain with the *Guernica*, Joyce to Ireland with *Ulysses*, Pound to the United States over short-wave radio, maddened by the spectacle of another war.

His tragedy (concentration camp, jail, insane asylum, and now a Trappist silence and a formal repudiation of his writing) is the tragedy of the artist in the century that did not turn out as its best minds planned or hoped. It was the First World War that drove Pound to studying the economic theories that made him a casualty in the Second. His fate was the same a Gaudier's after all. Gaudier's was swift, Pound's slow; they both failed to complete the work only they could have done; they both saw the cathedrals burn. □

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Spiro Agnew's America: The Vice President and the Politics of Suburbia
By Theo Lippman Jr.
Norton, 256 pp., $7.95

The Impudent Snobs: Agnew vs. the Intellectual Establishment
By John R. Coyne Jr.
Arlington, 524 pp., $8.95

AGNEW LIVES!

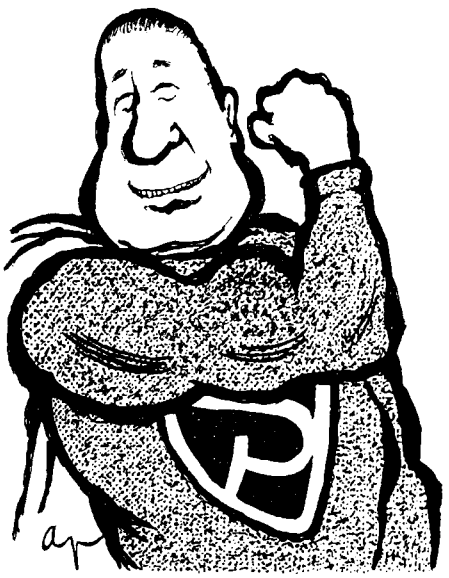
NEAL B. FREEMAN

Conservatives are all over the lot this year, searching for new homes in the shifting political spectrum. They can't go back to their old turf, the land of balanced budgets and no trade with the enemy and a free unfettered economy: That land has been plowed under by the federal bulldozer. And they certainly can't feel at home in the clearing across the river where the President has pitched the Republican Party's new campsite. There the talk is all of guaranteed incomes, generations of peace, new economic policies . . . and only the conservative catches the chilling echoes from the past.

Alone, frustrated, apparently deserted, conservatives keep watch for a new champion. The general feeling is, if I read the body language correctly, that they have found their man. Who is he? Barry Goldwater? No, he seems to be heading down the far side of the hill. Ronald Reagan? No, he's pinned down on another front. John Tower? No, he's running for re-election and is entitled to a breather. The Buckleys? Yes, but will they play in Peoria? John Ashbrook? A great future, but it may still be ahead of him. My reading is: Spiro T. Agnew.

A curious choice. Who is he? Most conspicuously he is Richard Nixon's Vice President, chosen personally by Nixon for the job and programed in the role by aides whose primary loyalty is to Nixon. If Agnew's role as designed by Nixon is to serve as lightning rod for the right wing, Agnew has performed superbly. He has delivered those alliterative speeches, drafted by Presidential aides Safire and Buchanan, with all the enthusiasm of a blowtorch. But the major credit, in the theatrical sense, should go to Nixon. It is the President who, knowing the range of the Vice Presidency and the defensive mechanisms of the American conservative, has delivered the payload to dead center. The GOP alternative to Richard M. Nixon has become: Spiro T. Agnew. It is easier to accept those stories that "Nixon thinks of everything" when one realizes that effective intraparty opposition to Nixon could come only from a man in his debt and on his payroll.

Theo Lippman Jr., now an editorial writer for the *Baltimore Sun*, has written a careful, solid study of Agnew. He reminds us of Agnew's brief but consistently surprising career in Maryland politics. Emerging from the jungle of zoning politics in 1962, Agnew was elected Executive of Baltimore County with the help of a Democratic split.



He immediately became embroiled in the politics of suburbia, pushing urban renewal projects, gun control laws and open housing. In 1963-64 he was a leader in the fight against the Goldwater forces then growing in the County. His own candidate: Sen. Thomas Kuchel, a California Republican of moderate-to-liberal views whose Presidential prospects were as robust then as, say, Shirley Chisholm's are today.

By 1966 Agnew had proved himself more liberal than his constituency and was considered a poor bet for re-election. He opted instead for a lost-cause race for governor, for which Reps. Rogers Morton and Charles Mathias, the state's top Republicans, were pleased to clear the way. Again the Democrats obliged by splitting their party wide open. They nominated a perennial loser, George P. Mahoney, who refused to make any comment on the race beyond his not even thinly veiled slogan, "Your home is your castle—protect it." Agnew, with the support of the AFL-CIO, Clarence Mitchell, the state ADA, the *Baltimore Sun*, the *New York Times* and the Maryland Conference of Social Welfare, was elected to the statehouse.

After two years in office during which he moved public accommodations and open occupancy bills through the legislature, Agnew was again in political trouble. He plunged into Presidential politics carrying the banner of Nelson A. Rockefeller, a less imaginative selection than Kuchel, to be sure, but one equally unpopular on Agnew's right flank. The rest is instant history and querulous criticism. Except the part where Agnew became conservatism's white hope. I would like to hear that part again.

JOHN COYNE does not accommodate us. Though he sets out to write a book on Agnew and tells us in the final pages that he has done so, he hasn't. He has written a book about Impudent Snobs, those media men from the "intellectual and social cocoon" who dominate the news business. The network anchormen (don't you love that word, implying an especially firm grip on reality?), the *Times* and the *Post*, *Newsweek*, Dynamite Dan Ellsberg, Charles Reich, they all get theirs. Coyne lays the wood to these "men of words" with infectious abandon. While his facts aren't always in apple-pie order, his rhetoric is. This is first-rate polemic, rarely if ever done as well.

Coyne, a contributor to NATIONAL REVIEW, is perhaps best known for his peppery attack on campus crazies, *The Kumquat Statement*. After serving briefly on Agnew's staff during the summer of 1971, he retreated to the Golden West to teach and to write. If this book is a sample of what we can expect, stay tuned to John Coyne. When he finally gets down to political cases on the Veep, Coyne is not his normal emphatic self. He expresses great admiration and a quite touching affection for Agnew but he is reluctant to overstate the political point. He is content ultimately to go along with Agnew's self-appraisal: "I think I'm properly considered a part of the center." That description should be good enough for the rest of us. □

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Bring Me a Unicorn: Diaries and Letters of Anne Morrow Lindbergh, 1922-1928
Harcourt, 259 pp., $6.95

OLD-FASHIONED GIRL

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Along about page 36 of Anne Morrow Lindbergh's diary-cum-letters of 1922-28 I scribbled the initials H. D. (for Hilda Doolittle, the Imagist poet) in the margin. The influence seemed to be predominant in the fresh diary prose about the foam reaching inward as the tide rose at Mont-Saint-Michel. One hundred and thirty pages later the diarist, then a senior at Smith, makes her own jotting: "H. D.—exquisite."

So THIS was Anne Morrow as a child of a rather precious literary culture. Images are never enough. Anne Morrow was gifted but caught within the conventions; the daughter of a Morgan partner, she was expected to be "seen but not heard" while the great of Dwight Morrow's world—M. Monnet, General Pershing, Governor Montagu Norman of the Bank of England—talked about finance or post-Versailles politics. Within the bounds of her family—two sisters, a brother and the formidably able father and mother—she lived an intense life, jealous at times of her older sister Elisabeth but unwilling to admit it, more open in her letters to her mother than she was in any face-to-face relationship. The words evidently came easily when she was not trying to force them into form for a college book review or essay. Her sensitivity to nature, to the fluctuation of winds and weather, was both a source of delight and of pain; her eye for color was that of a painter.

She had a moment of rebellion: She wanted to go to Vassar, but as a child of duty, she followed the family tradition to Smith, where she was frightened by examinations she never seemed to have time to finish. Her professors couldn't account for her occasional failures, not realizing that they were dealing with a perfectionist who couldn't be hurried. She always knew more about her subject than she could tell in an hour.

The perfectionist could write—she surprised herself by making the literary monthly and winning a couple of prizes—but there wasn't much in the way of experience to write about. She lived within a walled garden. The college boy friends, listed charitably in the diaries as "Y" and "B" and dubbed "middling" and "mediocre," gave her nothing. She was terribly torn up by the suicide of a friend at Smith, but she couldn't comprehend it. Freud, Marx, Eugene O'Neill, had not yet hit Northampton. Miss Kirstein, her writing teacher, helped her with composition, but her pre-Miss Kirstein letters show that she didn't really need courses in the mechanics of writing. What she needed to do was to get out of the culture of the upper-class Smith girl of the mid-Twenties, to be jolted into an awareness of another world. She says as much in her open-eyed introduction.

The jolt came in the form of the Hero of the Twenties, Charles Lindbergh, who dropped in out of the sky at the U.S. embassy in Mexico City not long after Dwight Morrow had been appointed ambassador by Coolidge. Suddenly Anne Morrow's diary-cum-letters narrative becomes a most compelling love story in spite of herself. The overtones are pure Booth Tarkington, recalling our age of innocence. She can't believe that Colonel Lindbergh would actually prefer her company to that of sister Elisabeth or sister Constance. She can't make Lindbergh out: the Norse god gives way to the hands-in-pockets little boy, he can't contrive any small talk, he has deplorable taste in poetry (Robert Service), he is from a technological world that has never held any interest for her. But in the air, where he can hit Le Bourget Field on the nose, he has incomparable grace.

This is the meeting of C. P. Snow's "two cultures," and, with Anne Morrow's first air flight and Charles Lindbergh's awareness that she has some of the "spirituality" which even then he talked about (he was never just an aerial chauffeur), the two cultures began to merge. She learned to fly and to operate the radio, and to live in a world of ceaseless technological change. His growth was more complex, as a comparison of *We*, written in the Twenties, and his *The Spirit of St. Louis*, which came a quarter-century later, indicates. In the end the philosopher buried the technician.

In her unblinking honesty Anne Lindbergh talks in her introduction about spending her girlhood behind brambled hedges; she was the "sheltered Emelye" of Chaucer's Knight's Tale. Where, then, did she gain the character that was to see her through tragedy, and the fortitude to stand against the crowd when public passions were running high? It could not have been from a literary education that, surprisingly, does not seem to have included Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson or even Floyd Dell or Scott Fitzgerald. She knew nothing of the muckrakers, nothing of the likes of Lenin. The truth would seem to be that the normal culture of her girlhood operated independently of a literary culture that brings H. D. and James Stephens and Rupert Brooke (the only tough Titan she mentions is Thomas Hardy) into her adolescent pages. The Morrows were Presbyterian to the marrow, they believed in duty, in putting one's back and one's whole heart into anything they thought worth doing. The Puritan in Anne Lindbergh did not come from her reading; it came from an inculcation at the hearthside. It gets only tangential mention in her diary and letters. Nevertheless, the slight mention is there—and the case for the non-permissive society is at least implicitly made.

Guy Davenport *teaches at the University of Kentucky. . . .* **Neal B. Freeman**, *a long-time contributor, works for King Features, Inc. . . .* **John Chamberlain** *is a columnist and frequent contributor to* NR. *. . .* **Tibor Szamuely** *teaches at Reading University in England and is a regular contributor to the* Spectator. *. . .* **Theodore Sturgeon** *is well-known to sf buffs as a prize-winning author and reviewer.*

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Anne Lindbergh now knows the inadequacy of youthful travel bounded by Henry James' *A Little Tour in France*. But, unwilling to tamper with the record, she insists on presenting an adolescent on the adolescent's own terms. Of that adolescent she says "I can laugh at her . . . but I don't want to betray her." She hasn't, and we are the richer for her forbearance. □

Let History Judge
By Roy A. Medvedev, translated by Colleen Taylor
Knopf, 566 pp., $12.50

A Question of Madness
By Zhores A. Medvedev and Roy A. Medvedev, translated by Ellen de Kadt
Knopf, 223 pp., $5.95

STALIN: THE WALKING DEAD

TIBOR SZAMUELY

"Why," said the Queen, "sometimes I've believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast." Lewis Carroll was describing the grotesque world lurking behind the looking-glass, but the real-life and far more grotesque world of the twentieth century has outdistanced even his imagination: We have a whole class of progressive intellectuals who for many years have believed nothing but impossible things the whole day through. The most incredible, and durable, of these fantasies has been the mirage of Soviet Russia as the New Jerusalem.

The Kremlin devotees have long recovered from the shock of Khrushchev's secret speech. Khrushchev's successors are kinder to their Western toadies: the gruesome revelations have stopped, and once again it is possible to attack truthful accounts of the USSR as "cold war propaganda."

Hence the great importance of books like Roy Medvedev's massive indictment of Stalinism. For a book produced in Russia, by a Soviet citizen whose whole intellectual outlook has been molded since childhood by the Communist Party, in artificial isolation from the ferment of ideas and the great body of political knowledge evolved in the West, *Let History Judge* is a tour de force of tireless, uncompromising and courageous scholarly effort.

Roy Medvedev is driven by the passionate conviction that the whole truth about Stalinism must be disclosed for the good of the Communist system itself. His starting point therefore is not dissimilar to Khrushchev's. Nor is his didactic, almost hortatory style. But what a difference in presentation! Where Khrushchev only dropped vague hints about Stalin's responsibility for the murder of Kirov in 1934, Medvedev provides pages of fascinating detail which indisputably establishes Stalin as the murderer. Where Khrushchev saw "violations of socialist legality" begin only in the mid-Thirties, Medvedev provides evidence that the show trials of the 1920s were likewise fabricated by the secret police. Khrushchev extolled the collectivization of agriculture—Medvedev writes of the millions of peasants sacrificed on the altar of the party's inhuman policy.

The Great Purge—an object of never-ending horrified fascination for Russians—constitutes the core of the book. Here Medvedev is at his best. Not only has he compiled the most comprehensive lists of Stalin's victims ever to be published—he bluntly states, and proves, that the *yezhovshchina* was conducted on a scale of terror far exceeding the executions of the French Revolution or the tortures of the Spanish Inquisition. Medvedev minces no words: "Never did the officer staff of any army suffer such great losses in any war as the Soviet army suffered in this time of peace." And another item of information that might interest people who perpetually worry about "anti-Communist campaigns" in the West: "The West European Communist leaders and activists who lived in the USSR perished, while most of those who were in prison in their native lands in 1937-1938 survived."

Let History Judge is more than a catalog of Stalin's crimes. This is a work

RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: *The Coming to Power: Critical Presidential Elections in American History* is a collection of fifteen essays edited by Arthur Schlesinger (McGraw-Hill, $12.50). From the same publisher, William Chapin's *Wasted* is the story of his son: on pot at fourteen, incurably insane from LSD at 21 ($6.95). . . . *Uncensored Russia* is a collection of dissenting writers edited by Peter Reddaway (American Heritage, $10). From the same house, *Portrait of Spain* by *Times*-man Tad Szulc ($8.95).

■ PERIODICALS: ABC figures now released for paid circulation for last six months of 1971. Some gainers, with percentage increase over last six months of 1970: *Playboy* (6,401,000—up 15 per cent); *Esquire* (1,262,000—up 5 per cent); *Business Week* (720,000—up 6 per cent); *Saturday Review* (636,000—up 2 per cent); *Fortune* (580,000—up 2 per cent); *National Observer* (493,000—up 4 per cent); *New Yorker* (475,000—up 2.5 per cent); *Atlantic* (334,000—up 1 per cent); *New York* (294,000—up 20 per cent); *Atlas* (117,000—up 10 per cent). About the same: *Reader's Digest* (17,828,000); *Time* (4,287,000); *Newsweek* (2,615,000); *U.S. News* (1,902,000); *Nation's Business* (871,000); *Forbes* (628,000); NATIONAL REVIEW (115,000). Losers: *Life* (7,003,000—down 18 per cent); *Harper's* (330,000—down 8 per cent); *Barron's* (214,000—down 5 per cent); *New Republic* (129,000—down 4 per cent).

■ MAY BOOKS: Rex Lardner's *The Legendary Champions* takes boxing up to the Dempsey-Tunney long count (American Heritage, $12.95). . . . Michael (*Andromeda Strain*) Crichton's new novel, *The Terminal Man*, deals with mind control (Knopf, $6.95). . . . Malcolm Muggeridge and Alec Vidler followed the footsteps of *Paul* for a BBC documentary, now retrace their steps by book (Harper, $5.95). . . . Buckminster Fuller's *Intuition* is likely to be one of the spring's fad books (Doubleday, $4.95). . . . James Goulden's *The Superlawyers* is an exposé of the Washington wheelers (Weybright, $8.95). . . . *O Jerusalem!* by Larry Collins and Dominique Lapierre covers the whole Arab-Israeli conflict (Simon & Schuster, $9.95).

Dorothy Evslin likes being one of *The Fortunate Sex* (Saturday Review Press, $5.95). From the same publisher, Lt. Col. Edward L. King, a career officer who quit over Vietnam, assembles his gripes in *The Trouble with the Army* ($6.95). . . . Leonard Silk, of the *Times* editorial board, offers *Nixonomics: How the Dismal Science of Free Enterprise Became the Black Art of Controls* (Praeger, $5.95). . . . That book about the Ari-Jackie wedding contract is *The Fabulous Onassis*. Author is Christian Cafarakis, former steward on the yacht (Morrow, $5.95).

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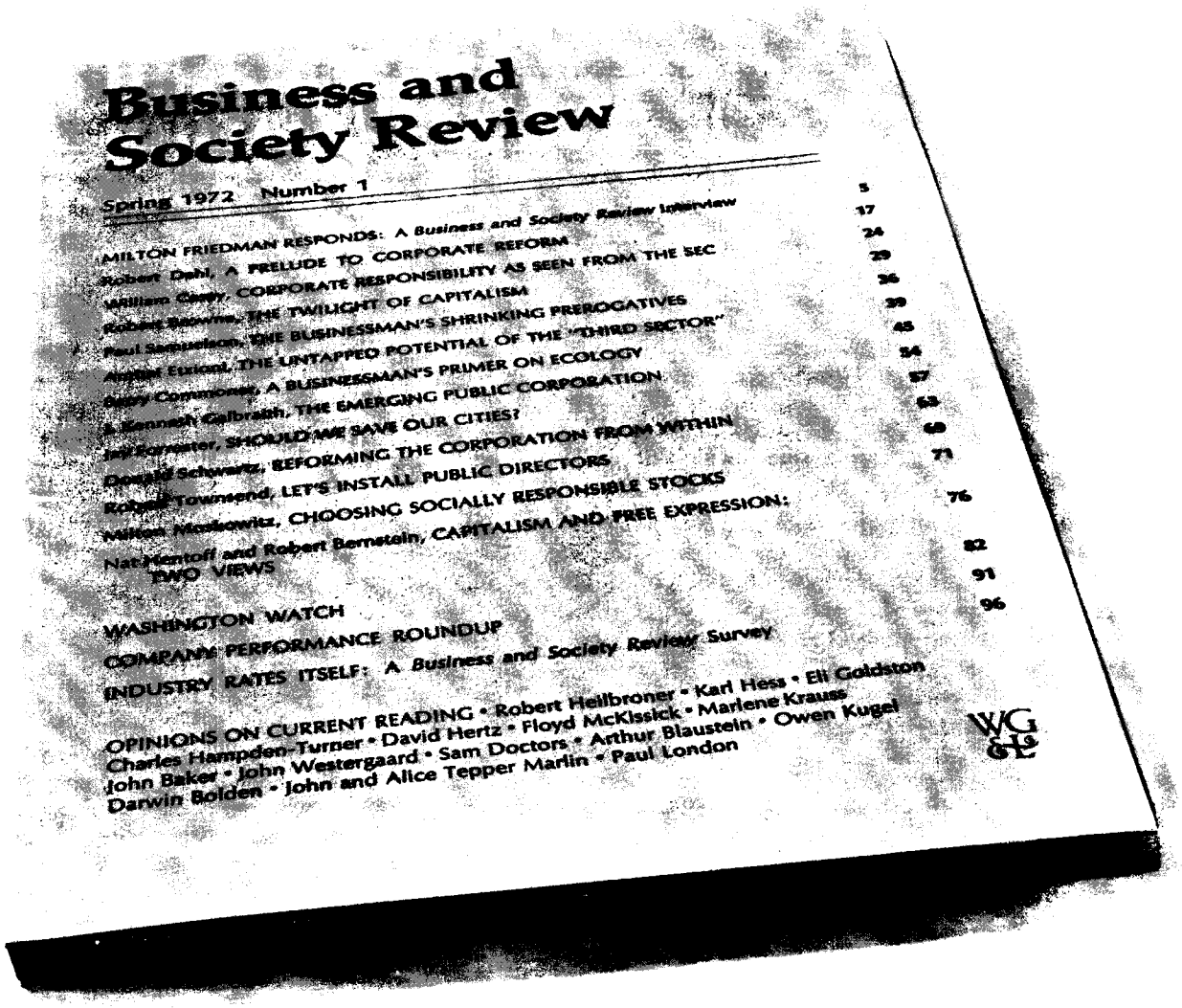
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of political theory that, its author hopes, will provide both an explanation of Stalinism and a restatement of basic Communist principles in the light of that dreadful experience. Medvedev's attempt to rediscover a lost Golden Age of Leninist Purity is in some respects the most interesting feature of his book. Undertaken with great thoroughness and the utmost sincerity and intellectual courage, it demonstrates the tragic plight of those idealistic young Russian dissidents who desperately hope for a return to the original Leninist Garden of Eden. No such garden ever existed.

MEDVEDEV'S case is sadder than most because in his determination to speak nothing but the truth he himself lays bare the fallacy of his ideological position. Needless to say, for him the villain of the piece is Stalin. But Medvedev does not seek the easy way out. He demolishes the idea that Stalin was a madman and that his paranoia lay at the root of all evil. Medvedev goes even further than that. "Stalin involved millions of people in his crimes," he writes. "Not only the punitive organs but the entire party and government apparat participated actively in the campaigns of the 1930s." Medvedev shows, most convincingly, that not only Stalin but everyone of any prominence in the party, all those "honest Communists" whose "Leninist" image has been built up by the post-Stalin leadership—Kirov, Ordzhonikidze, Kalinin, Postyshev, Eikhe and the rest—were all equally pitiless, despotic, fanatical, all equally corrupted by power. Not a shred is left of anyone's reputation.

But what kind of a party was this—is this—that transforms men into monsters? Medvedev comes close to putting his finger on the truth. From the early 1920s, he writes,

> there was the inception of a religious, cultist attitude toward such concepts as the party, the Soviet state, the Revolution, and the proletariat. Party members were inculcated with the conviction that the party as a whole could not make mistakes, that the party knew everything. There could be no secrets from the party, even of the most intimate nature; everything had to be revealed to it, as to God at confession. For the sake of the party and the state a Communist had to do anything; the Revolution justifies any cruelty.

And here Medvedev is hoist by his own Leninist petard. For the concept of an omniscient and omnipotent party was not Stalin's creation: It had been invented and rigorously inculcated by Lenin. Yet Lenin is Medvedev's only hero, the only immaculate revolutionary in the whole crew. Lenin is Stalin's antipole. "Stalin, the embodiment of all the worst elements in the Russian revolutionary movement, came to power after Lenin, the embodiment of all that was best." Can such things be, one wonders. Medvedev's panegyrics to Lenin become increasingly remote from historical reality. Lenin could do no wrong (just as Stalin could do no right). Lenin introduced censorship—Medvedev justifies it and minimizes its effects. Lenin prohibited factions within the party at the Tenth Congress—Medvedev interprets this resolution as calling "for a revival of intraparty democracy." In his zeal to absolve Lenin of all responsibility Medvedev even states that Lenin was ill at the time of the 1922 trial of the Socialist-Revolutionary leaders, the first great show trial, and that it was organized by Stalin against Lenin's wishes—when it is well-known that Stalin had nothing to do with the case, and that Lenin publicly expressed his fury at having been made to let the S-Rs off with their lives (for the time being).

"Stalin is Lenin today," they used to proclaim in the USSR. Try as Medvedev will, he cannot refute the essential truth of this statement. His own facts rise up against him. An honorable and intelligent man, he will not be able to evade the logical conclusions of his loss of faith. Perhaps he has done so already.

But whatever Medvedev's ideological torments, our Western whitewashers of Soviet crimes will find little of comfort in his book. Medvedev confirms every item of what progressives have consistently derided as cold war propaganda. He speaks with withering contempt of an earlier generation of willing dupes, men like Lion Feuchtwanger, Joseph E. Davies, D. N. Pritt. Writing of Feuchtwanger as a typical case, Medvedev sums it all up: "He may fairly be charged with dishonesty." For all its contradictions, *Let History Judge* is a concentrated refutation of latter-day Western "scholarly" attempts to refurbish a new legend of a Soviet Union that has retained its revolutionary and socialist soul through all the horrors of Stalinism.

ONE WOULD scarcely credit it, but only six months ago an American professor, Robert H. McNeal of the University of Massachusetts, published an article in a serious journal, *Soviet Studies*, proving that "the claim of the official post-Stalin Soviet historiography that the party, and especially its central committee, resisted the most dangerous attacks of the Stalin purge against the party is in large measure vindicated." Yes, indeed: this "is supported by evidence that is at once obvious and largely ignored by non-Soviet scholars." What is this amazing and hitherto neglected evidence? Why, "the considerable body of party decisions adopted in the years 1934-39." Quite simple, really: you limit your research to party resolutions dictated by Stalin and you come to the entirely scholarly conclusion that things were not really as bad as the Medvedevs believe.

This extraordinary attitude deserves some attention, since it has been re-

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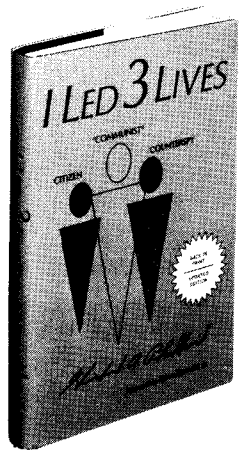

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This new edition of "I Led 3 Lives" has been thoroughly updated and includes a foreword by Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., star of the "FBI" TV series.

Philbrick's trek began at the age of 25 when he joined a Boston area youth organization that, he later learned, was controlled by Communists. Philbrick told the FBI, and he was encouraged to remain a member of the group and keep authorities informed. He did so with skill and daring and eventually rose to the top of the Party leadership in America.

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Each separate feature of the BULLETIN (eight in all) packs so much information that it's almost like receiving eight newsletters! "The Week" is a compact listing of the hottest news items — many that have been "overlooked" in the regular press. "On the Left" highlights the latest activities of the new *and* old Left, including private reports from here and abroad. "Capital Bulletin" is a provocative Washington report from a well-informed correspondent who knows his way around the inner circles of government (which is why his news beats often appear as headline stories weeks after you've read them in the BULLETIN — and why he chooses to use the pen-name "Winston"). "What's Ahead" gives you forecasts based on current trends (the "small events" that may become tomorrow's crisis). "People" is perhaps the most popular BULLETIN feature; it's not afraid to name names or focus on who's doing what — it's where you'll find the latest political news and gossip. For pithy and pointed editorial comment, there's "At Home" by M. Stanton Evans, brilliant editor of the Indianapolis *News*. Evans, known as one of the nation's keenest political analysts, brings you his own special brand of commentary on the most controversial and crucial issues of today. International news is not neglected, either. One of the BULLETIN's regular features is "Abroad," a unique survey of the foreign scene, complete with confidential reports filed by on-the-spot observers in key trouble spots the world over. And for all those concerned about the state of the nation's economy (and who isn't?), there's "Business," a column of important economic and financial news and analysis. "Business" has become widely known for its perceptive treatment and understanding of current business trends. This column is written not in unintelligible financial jargon, but in language that *you* can understand.

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- Integrate or Else!
- Is Vietnam Doomed?
- What Has Happened to Our Strategic Defense?
- G. Jackson, Criminal
- Busing Absurdities
- The Brainwashing of Scotty Reston
- The Why and Where of John V. Lindsay
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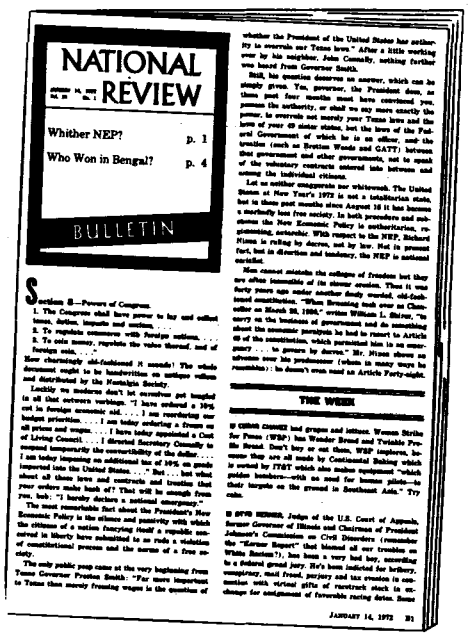
NATIONAL REVIEW

Whither NEP? p. 1

Who Won in Bengal? p. 4

BULLETIN

THE WEEK

IMPORTANT

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flected even in the editing of Medvedev's own book (the numerous mistranslations should be attributed solely to insufficient knowledge of Russian). The editor, Professor David Joravsky of Northwestern University, does his best to make up for any lack of balance in Medvedev's criticisms. He devotes part of his introduction to a violent and completely unjustified attack upon one of the most active anti-Soviet émigré organizations, and against what he imagines to be "the weird cooperation between anti-Soviet émigrés and Soviet vigilantes." Professor Joravsky finds the book especially interesting for American readers, faced as they are—just like the Russians!—with the problem "of a state machine that impersonally destroys multitudes of human beings." The balance between Stalinism and its opponents is further redressed by the bizarre footnotes. Thus, Stepan Bandera, the leader of Ukrainian anti-Communist resistance during and after the war, is summarily dismissed as "a Ukrainian collaborator with the Nazis." Bandera's collaboration consisted of spending almost the whole war in Sachsenhausen.

THE MAIN argument of the whitewashers is that Stalinism belongs to the past. Does it? No one will deny that there have been considerable changes in Russia since Stalin. But have arbitrary despotism, terror and lawlessness really disappeared? Take Roy Medvedev's own case. In 1970 his twin brother, the distinguished geneticist Zhores Medvedev, was placed in a lunatic asylum for writing unauthorized books. Now the two Medvedevs—Zhores from "within," Roy from "outside"—have produced an engrossing blow-by-blow account of this shocking affair. It begins with an innocuous invitation to Zhores to visit the local soviet for a discussion of his teen-age son's minor delinquency. The discussion led to Zhores' escaping from a locked room. But in the USSR there is no escape. Sure enough, a few days later they came for him. Then Roy stepped in. The leading figures of the Soviet scientific community were mobilized on Zhores' behalf. They pestered the police, the psychiatrists, the ministry of health, the central committee. Incredibly, two months after the original invitation, Zhores was released.

Hundreds of other victims of Soviet police psychiatry are not so lucky. They are not world-famous scientists, and nobody intercedes for them. They remain in the asylums, gradually and deliberately driven mad. Nor was that the end of the Medvedev saga. Last October Roy Medvedev's flat was searched by the secret police and his books and manuscripts confiscated. And only a few weeks ago, in February, a female colleague of Medvedev's was sentenced to six years in jail for the crime of having supplied him with books that are on the index of prohibited publications —the books he used to write *Let History Judge*. This trial, reported in the Soviet press, was too trivial even to merit mention by the Western news media.

Stalinism is dead. Long live Stalinism! □

SCIENCE FICTION

Group Feast
By Josephine Saxton
Doubleday, 184 pp., $4.95

The Falling Astronauts
By Barry Malzberg
Ace, 191 pp., 75 cents

The Gift Within: Experiences of a Spiritual Medium
By James H. P. Wilkie; revised and with an introduction by Allen Spraggett
Signet, 95 pp., 75 cents

Students of the Light
By John Mann
Grossman, 250 pp., $6.95

SEX, SPLEEN, SPIRITS AND SPECTRA

THEODORE STURGEON

"What are you doing in my ghetto?" I demanded of Josephine Saxton. She was not in the room (more's the pity, from what I hear, and what I see on the back of the dustjacket of *Group Feast*) and I had just put down the book. The question was reflexive, and by no means quite justified in these roiling boiling days in sf, when the field is exploding and merging with the mainstream, assuming the identity of a new avant garde, growing edge, what have you. There is an inevitability to this. The mainstream long ago *used* sf, it just never *called* it sf. Now it's beginning to call it sf (*Andromeda Strain*, *2001*) and a reviewer can refer even to a Nabokov opus (*Ada*) as sf without the reader's assumption that he has said "mere" sf. For all that. . . . Josephine Saxton's prose, cadenced with the pulse of her Yorkshire origins, and her book's structure, and the over-all tone of her scenes and characters, have that English-novel texture that only English novelists seem able to achieve—all of which may seem simplistic; but I challenge non-English novelists to try it some time.

Not that this English novelist writes of England. The scene is Australia—the roughest, driest, most unkindly part of Australia: the Outback. In this desolation a woman has built a house—it's called, rightly, a House—so huge that she herself must rely on a servant to find her way around in it. Fresh water is supplied by her own desalting plant on the coast two thousand miles away and is run in by pipeline. She is so incalculably rich that she can have anything she wants, and she wants to throw a party, and the party is the book.

Miss Saxton's special achievement is that it becomes quite possible for the reader to identify with this extraordinary character. In its content, the book reminds one strongly of Sylvia Ashton-Warner, with this important difference: Miss Saxton's sensuous woman is not automatically punishable and punished for her joy. To her heroine, disasters are learning experiences, which is what gives the book the quality of fable to add to its entertainment quantum. Why it wound up in the sf compartment instead of the general catalog is a perplexity, understood only at the editorial offices of Doubleday. Sometimes I think they have a great Wheel up there, and spin it to decide. Anyway—look for Josephine Saxton. She's good.

And whatever else you do, look for Barry Malzberg. (If in the process you run across K. M. O'Donnell, grab it too: same man.) Malzberg is the angriest writer now writing. There is little arrogance in his anger; unlike the purveyors of spleen one usually encounters, Malzberg seems, somehow, to have escaped completely the personal or caste elevation that seems intrinsic in all the others. "My anger bespeaks the fact that I/we are better (or know more) than you. You are unjust to your superiors," they seem to say; while Malzberg's protagonists express his anger by being bumbling, fearful, perplexed and

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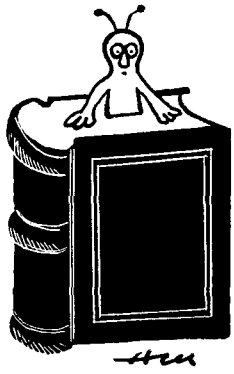
complicated—yet unremittingly driven by this mountainous anger of his. And so it is that he hates the space effort (but not exactly) and astronauts (but not precisely) and the NASA hierarchy (or perhaps what it represents, or what it has therefore become).

Harlan Ellison seeks a word for what it is that Malzberg does—a sort of fantasy that because it exists creates a reality. In this case, a terrifying thought, for Malzberg's preoccupation—nay, obsession—in this book is that of the third man in an Apollo crew, the one who orbits the moon while the others put their footprints in the pumice and the history books, and his temptation to say the hell with it and leave them there. Malzberg/O'Donnell has written many short stories and novelettes about this and its furthest extrapolations, but *The Falling Astronauts* is a close-knit and unsparing study-in-depth of such a man. By all means read this remarkable book, if only for surcease from the unleavened inhumanity of the astronaut image, as now presented by Mission Control, and the cosmic cool of hard-core sf's space-striding supermen.

One of the greatest pleasures of my assignment is the occasional arrival of peripheral material—books and galleys which defy even the randomness of the editorial Wheel and refuse categorization. One such is a handsomely designed little paperback called *The Gift Within*, the "experiences of a spiritual medium." The author, James H. P. Wilkie, a Canadian, gives a lucid account of his professed psychic powers from their beginnings, when he was a child in Scotland. Though his theories and techniques are familiar, like those of Garrett, Fodor and Arthur Ford—the seance, the spirit guide—his book includes some subjective material I haven't seen before: how it *feels* to become a medium and to be one. He is reputed to be a healer, too, and gives his account with compelling simplicity. The book closes, by the way, with a number of predictions concerning flying saucers, Hubert Humphrey, Bishop Pike (not exactly a prediction, that one), Martin Bormann, Teddy Kennedy, J. Onassis, Prince Charles, Trudeau and Nixon. In these I refuse to be *his* medium: you'll have to look them up for yourself.



There is a click on the Wheel at which a book is proclaimed sf, and another to be applied to de facto sf books which are not under any circumstances to be called sf. There is another that is the strangest of all—the one which dictates that the book *announce* itself as not sf, even if it has to invent something new to call itself—in the case of *Students of the Light*, "psycho-fiction," which, if anyone had asked me, I'd have said was at least unfortunate.

The author previously wrote *Encounter*, a selection of the Psychology Today Book Club, and was co-editor of *Ways of Growth*; he is Chairman of the Department of Sociology at State University of New York, Geneseo. His preoccupation is with what is known as the "human potential movement," and the thrust of his novel is to design and explain a school of the future (but why not now?), the aim of which is to discover and explore those currents in human beings, and forces acting upon human beings, as yet unknown or undeveloped. The school, it strikes me, would be a pretty weird place to put in time. Everybody in the place shamelessly analyzes everyone else, and though on the one hand it seems to be Freedom Hall, on the other its curriculum is so rigorous as to make forty straight hours on a rockpile seem a restful alternative. There is plenty of soaping and sensuality, yet the wages of sin seem to be a very stern no-no. The book is structured as the personal journals of three of the students, and try as I may, I can't seem to get under their skins or see out through their eyes—remarkable, really, because they are explored, each of them, in considerable depth and detail.

Perhaps my irritation with the volume derives from a very warm appreciation of everything John Mann is trying to do, for I can think of no more important or engrossing endeavor than to discover the nature of Optimum Man; in addition, it is clear that Mr. Mann knows a lot about this search, and cares. And I agree that the establishment of a college at which every course, from Art through Zen, is aimed at total development, is the best of good ideas. Yet he has chosen to explicate his ideas with a novel—and he is not a novelist. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

PRESIDENT NIXON AND THE PRESS, *by James Keogh (Funk & Wagnalls/Crowell, 212 pp., $5.95).* James Keogh, executive editor of *Time* Magazine, joined the Nixon campaign in 1968 and went on to become "managing editor" of the speechwriting team in the Nixon White House. His depth perception is exceptional: he has played at both ends of the media court. He knows a smear from a distortion, and a leak from a plant. He is especially acute in recounting case histories with which, we presume, he was intimately involved. Anecdotes, phrases—yes, *lines*—work their way through the media network like barium through the human system. As secure as he is on the tactical aspects of press relations, Keogh might have written a better book, a more useful book, if he had waited a bit. He writes here in the flushed aftermath of battle. (Herb Kaplow, Ziegler's man at NBC, becomes a reporter of "clear eye" and "independent stance." William L. White offers "biting rebuttals to the liberal chorus.") Most important, he only infrequently catches sight of the signal issue: the ideological monopoly of network news. Even so, read as a companion volume to the Vice President's speeches, Keogh's book will reward the media *maven.* N. B. FREEMAN

BUYING COUNTRY PROPERTY, *by Irving Price (Harper, 173 pp., $5.95).* Lots of good advice in this trim and well printed volume, but I warn every novice searching for a little place "away from it all"—Mr. Price forgot *that* one in his sardonic chapter "The Country Voice"—not to show up with it in a real estate broker's office. Do your homework in the city and keep your expertise under your hat. Real estate brokers are notoriously egocentric; after a bit of "looking" and while you and he are down in the basement with your pen knife prodding the beams on your, say, Number Two "possibility" you might let on that you left your Guide at home, and have a little laugh together. For it goes without saying that those same brokers have helped put this one on the best-seller list. As one myself, I can't honestly quibble with any of Mr. Price's advice, although naturally I would like to. One could go out shopping for a desert ranch or a cattle spread in Louisiana armed with *Buying Country Property*, but I have the feeling that it is aimed at the Northeastern middle class from the largest cities. Chapters on financing and buying in development communities are particularly recommended. Better to follow Price's advice than that of those helpful relatives who show up shaking their heads just before you sign the contract. M. L. BURNHAM

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Arts & Manners

DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

Ah, Texas!

I am mad for Texas, where I've just spent several weeks doing a food story for another magazine—for the people and their hospitality (notably one Dorothy Casey); for the long, wide, smooth open roads (blast the speed limits which the natives indeed seem to obey); for the Houston skyscrapers, so imaginative compared to New York's: one is all glass, taking the color of the sky and reflecting the surrounding buildings; another is black with a white balcony design that from a distance looks like a mixture of death's-head and cattle-brand pattern; for the ads for the Houston Opera and for chili, chili, chili.

The Houston Grand Opera has world-famous singers, Jess Thomas, Klara Barlow and Wolfgang Anäheisser (all of Bayreuth) in the case of *Tannhäuser*, about which it ran this ad, verbatim:

> TANNHAUSER IS HOT STUFF!
>
> Tannhäuser has this goody-goody stay-at-home girlfriend who won't put out. But he is also carrying on a clandestine affair with Venus, the goddess of love, who will.
>
> One morning after an orgy, however, he has a severe migraine accompanied by remorse of conscience. Should he turn from this life of sin and beg the forgiveness of . . . what's her name? Maybe he ought to go on a pilgrimage.
>
> See the resolution of this classic dilemma (and a lot else besides).

As everyone knows, and as even a Wagner fan like myself admits, Tannhäuser is Wagner's silliest opera. The famous Pilgrim Chorus, meant to inspire the utmost in reverence, has inspired in Germany a song that all children know but which does not bear reproducing in a family magazine like NATIONAL REVIEW. More power to the writer who made this religion-cum-sex-cum-marshmallow-music opera musical sound interesting enough to make even me wish to see it again, and my respects to the Houston Grand Opera wallahs who let him do it.

THE CHILI STORY is long and complex and unsolved. It has inspired several books, such as Frank X. Tolbert's *A Bowl of Red* (Doubleday, $3.50) and H. Allen Smith's *The Great Chili Confrontation* (Pocket Books, 75 cents) as well as the unbound, but no less full or less profound and opinionated, writings of Wick Fowler, the third peak in the Great Chili Massif of Southwestern Texas. To start with the basics: The dish known as chili con carne, or familiarly as a "bowl of red," is a conglomeration of diced beef, gravy and assorted red hot peppers that you either

love or hate. There is no maybe about real chili, it is an either-or proposition.

In spite of the vaguely Latin-sounding name, there is nothing Mexican about it. Chili con carne is strictly Tex-Mex, the product of two civilizations meeting head on originally in San Antonio, so it is said, where chili parlors and chili queens were what bistros and madame at the cash register were to Paris, France. Under all circumstances, chili con carne is an affirmative dish, being full of chili, cumin and/or other herbs and spices, but some of it is even more affirmative when it is strengthened with *chilipiquin* peppers, little round balls of fire which, says H. Allen Smith, "make chili so hot it will boil on the stove and it will rest on your stomach like a litter of angry wildcats." But this is how folks in Texas like their chili, especially Wick Fowler, an Austin newspaperman who developed the famous Two-Alarm Chili recipe (and mail-order package, from Caliente Chile, Inc., Box 1444, Austin, Texas 78767) and also helped to found the Chili Appreciation Society, International, with chapters all over the world (including Mexico).

The Society holds an Annual World Series for Chili Cooks in Terlingua, a tiny Texas ghost town with the municipal motto "six hundred miles from anywhere," a population of five which swells to eight thousand (in 1971) for the great cook-off. Last year, it was won by V. V. Wood Jr., the man who owns London Bridge, who arrived in beautiful downtown Terlingua in a balloon, surrounded by girls in hotpants and peek-a-boo vests, a golden throne and a crown decorated with chili pods. Wino Woods was another contestant, who while he cooks along, pours champagne into his chili and himself, according to newspaper reports. I regret not to have attended this great annual event, but Ann Valentine, food editor of the *Houston Post*, was there and told me that none of the spectators was the same afterward, spiritually or physically. The latter especially applies to those who sampled the winning green chili; they swore they could not close their mouths or breathe through their noses for nearly 24 hours.

The most epic of chili cook-offs was the first, where Fowler and H. Allen Smith competed. Smith put beans, yes, *beans* into his chili con carne, an enormity to purists the heinousness of which words cannot describe. The subject has never been settled one way or another, but good Texans like their beans on the side, refried, with a little real hot sauce, and I agree. The best chili con carne (without beans) I've ever eaten was made by San Antonio's

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Look for **Nika Hazelton**'*s discussion of domestic wines in an early issue. . . .* **Ruth Berenson** *is currently at work on an history of German art with her husband, Norbert Muhlen. . . .* **W. I. Scobie** *is West Coast correspondent for the* Observer *(London).*

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Bob Holleron, one of those genius non-professionals who can cook rings around all but very few chefs. The chili (and Bob's other food) did what I thought could never be done again to me: made me want to cook again, for the fun of it. I feel like a mother who has rediscovered mother love or a cop hit by the possibilities of law and order . . . that is Texas for me. □

ART

RUTH BERENSON

The Decline of Folk Art

My husband and I are incurably addicted to what our highbrow friends call "tourist junk" and what we, more loftily, refer to as "folk art"—pottery figurines, costume dolls, wooden objects carved or whittled, toy birds and animals, tin soldiers, bread and wax sculpture, embroidery, basketry, you name it. By now this conglomeration, whose only common denominator is that it's all anonymously handmade, takes up every available flat surface in our apartment and overflows onto the floors and walls. Dusting is a major operation undertaken with ever-growing infrequency—but we figure that a little dirt may add a kind of old-world patina, and anyway cleanliness, like so much else, is relative.

The appeal of these things is various. Some are beautiful, some grotesque, some humorous. Most are travel mementos—but they are not souvenirs in the conventional (and pejorative) meaning of the word. Heaven forfend! We do look in souvenir shops, but nearly always in vain; our best finds have been in street markets, antique stores, handicraft boutiques.

THE TROUBLE IS that genuine folk art is becoming harder and harder to find, what with industrialization, urbanization, the decline of tradition, the growth of over-all prosperity, the spread of television. It's curious that an isolated farmer prefers looking at *Lassie* to carving wood by lamplight, but he does, so the age-old crafts are dying. Valiant efforts are made to keep them going through monkey-gland injections of government money, especially in Iron Curtain countries like Poland and Hungary where craft articles bring in sizable sums of hard Western currency, or through privately organized cooperatives like the Swiss *Heimatwerk*. Often, too, a fancy store like Wallach's in Munich will stock the crafts of a particular area, in this case Upper Bavaria, thus stimulating production. All this helps—but it also ups the prices: Much European folk art, both old and new, is now well out of our reach.

If, nevertheless, much of our collection comes from Europe, especially Germany, it's from the postwar years when, before the Economic Miracle, there was an all-too-brief craft renaissance. The first West German trade exhibition held in New York in the late 1940s displayed not Leicas and Volkswagens but heavily embossed beeswax candles, no two alike. During this period Nuremberg's toymakers, forbidden by the Military Government from manufacturing the allegedly militaristic tin soldiers which had been their speciality for centuries, turned out such peaceful substitutes as tiny Gardens of Eden or Noah's Arks. Such things now

bring high prices, but occasionally you can still find bargains as we have in the Tyrol and sometimes in Switzerland where we chanced on strange sculptures fashioned from gnarled tree stumps or roots whose forms recall the scarier characters of the Grimm brothers.

The peasants of Germany's Black Forest no longer bother making hand-carved cuckoo clocks (the ones you see now are nearly all mass-produced, mostly of plastic), but they still turn out a bewildering variety of relatively cheap painted wooden candlesticks, toys and Christmas ornaments. Among our proudest possessions is a group of *Zwetschgenmanderl*, dolls made of figs and prunes, with walnut heads, each differently costumed—a red-nosed market woman, a woodcutter, a priest, a barmaid with a brimming beer mug. These can be had for $2 at Munich's annual Christmas market and will keep indefinitely (unless, of course, you eat them).

SUCH straggling survivors notwithstanding, folk art flourishes best in so-called underdeveloped areas or "poverty pockets" like Appalachia, where women still stitch patchwork quilts like those all rural America used to make. People who live what the economists euphemistically refer to as "marginal" lives have time for handicrafts. Yet poverty and involuntary leisure alone do not guarantee folk art; an indefinable something else—tradition, talent—is needed. In the West Indies people are pitifully poor, yet only Haiti, with the lowest per capita income in the Western hemisphere, has bred artists. Her untaught, often illiterate painters and sculptors—Wilson Bigaud, Philomé Obin, Jasmin Joseph, to mention only a few—have become world famous, and lesser craftsmen are also gifted. In Port-au-Prince's Iron Market you can watch young men making graceful many-branched candelabras from discarded oil cans; others are lacquering vivid designs on gourd bowls. We saw Haitian women embroidering exquisite luncheon sets with voodoo symbols to pay for their daughters' schooling at the Episcopal mission. All over the Caribbean the tourist is confronted with costume dolls of a dreary uniformity, except in Haiti where each doll is hand-whittled and reproduces a different actor in the local scene.

Haiti has always been relatively isolated, which may help explain the persistent vitality of its art. Until recently, the tiny San Blas islands off the coast of Panama were even more cut off. The colorful "molas" (loose-fitting blouses), each with a never-duplicated near-abstract bird or animal design painstakingly stitched in a complicated technique known as reverse appliqué, have been made there since the 1890s when missionaries convinced the ladies that wearing body paint instead of clothing was not exactly *comme il faut*. Recently, Peace Corps workers, also

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missionary-minded and noting that the molas were being snapped up by connoisseurs, realized that the impoverished islanders could make more money if they made more molas. So they got them sewing machines, and today Panama City is flooded with machine-sewn molas (and pillow-covers, table cloths, even men's vests); the handmade ones are hardly to be had.

The precariousness of folk art's future everywhere cannot be better illustrated than in Mexico. Only five years ago the street markets were full of straw baskets and earthenware for everyday use. Today there is stall after stall of plastic baskets and aluminum cookware; braided leather huaraches have been replaced by plastic sandals, embroidered peasant blouses by stretch nylon. Mass-produced kitsch figures for Christmas crèches have nearly dislodged the hand-colored ones, and hand-woven serapes are unobtainable. The markets are still fun for tourists, but if you want folk art, you'll do better in the handicraft stores of Mexico City or New York. What you'll see there is likely to have been commissioned by a big-city impresario who arranges for Seventh Avenue patterns to be embroidered with traditional motifs, sees to it that the potters glaze their dishes more uniformly, explains that there's a bigger demand for place mats and beer coasters than for old-fashioned baskets. The result, inevitably, is a kind of cheapening (though not of prices).

FORTUNATELY there are signs that despite creeping commercialism, Mexican folk art will not vanish overnight. Thus the idea of Christmas trees has been imported from the north, but for reasons either of economy or good taste, the peasants usually ignore the jingle-bell decorations on sale at Woolworth's and embellish their spindly tropical evergreens with homemade ornaments or colorful paper flowers. Equally promising is the way that darling of American advertising, neon lighting, is used in Mexico City at Christmas time, when each main square contains a huge neon rendering of a Nativity scene, featuring a variety of shapes and colors that puts Broadway to shame. Admittedly, we can't put a neon picture 25 feet high on a shelf in our living room—but we have a hunch that here is one of the paths folk art may take in the future. □

FILM

W. I. SCOBIE

SuperSpade's Revenge

The Baldwin theater in Los Angeles, which shows black movies to blacks, is loud and always crowded. Audiences do not hesitate to express their opinion of what is happening on the screen, whether with cheers, jeers or verbal disagreement with the actors. What particularly annoys them is a black loser: Whitey must be sent up, put down, stomped or shot. "Life being what it is, we dream of revenge." The Gauguin quotation seems especially apposite to the films on view, most of them the result of the industry's discovery that there is a buck to be made from blackness.

With cinema admissions down by fifty million since the Fifties and MGM auctioning off Judy Garland's shoes from the *Wizard of Oz*, Hollywood has been seeking fresh ways out of its financial trauma. One such is the "class appeal" movie, aimed at specialized sections of the community—our young, our homosexuals, our sado-masochists and so on—markets which in most cases have proved illusory. Blacks, however, have been found to attend the moving-pictures out of all proportion to their ratio in the population, for various reasons. It all adds up, as they say on Madison Avenue, to the selling of a figure with terrific identification-potential known in ghetto parlance as Super-Spade.

Shaft, the ruthless private eye who bursts through closed windows, all guns blazing! *Sweetback*, killer of cops and eater of live lizards! Blacks may laugh at these ultra-funky customers, weighted down like medieval knights with virility symbols—black leather, boots, guns—but they also pay to watch them. When a film like *Sweet Sweetback's Baadassss Song*, made for a few thousand, grosses $10 million, Hollywood sits up. Hence the black movie boom.

And in its wake, the black film festival; the first such celebration has just been held in Los Angeles. The Baldwin and the LA County Museum of Art have covered the field between them, from 1914, when something called *The Nigger* was made, to the present day. As film festivals go, it has been revelatory, if rather depressing.

In the Twenties, the black film circuit consisted of schools, churches, revival-meeting tents and perhaps eight hundred cinemas in ghetto areas, with possibly a "reserved" once-a-week showing at a white theater. Yet black films were made—one Oscar Micheaux wrote, directed and produced 24 of them between 1918 and 1938, and the Colored Film Corporation made its first newsreel in 1922, its first feature in 1927. With some inevitability, the first sound film about blacks was a musical set in the South, King Vidor's *Hallelujah*, of 1929, when the world was populated by fun-loving darkies.

There are moving moments in these grainy, grating old films: Bessie Smith, belting out the blues in a short feature directed by a white man, Dudley Murphy, in which she played a barroom entertainer; Billie Holiday singing her heart out in Duke Ellington's mini-musical *Symphony in Black* (1935), which has some snappy Busby Berkeleyesque cutting, and was nominated for an Academy Award. It was Busby Berkeley who epitomized the Hollywood attitude of the time in one classic scene, when a vast chorus of bug-eyed Mantan Moreland look-alikes, each weighing two hundred pounds and wearing the juiciest of smiles, dances with floor mops as they sing a chorus of *Hollywood Hotel*. Stepin Fetchit and the superb Butterfly McQueen drifted through feature after feature, their roles never varying, whether they played foil to Shirley Temple or Vivien Leigh.

Throughout the Thirties and Forties, blacks in movies seem always to be musicians, at first of the sort that get high on the Lord (*Green Pastures*, *Cabin in the Sky*); and after the war—though still singing—on sex and dope (*Carmen Jones*, *Porgy and Bess*). Then came liberalism, and the earnest Fifties, swamping the screen with message-movies which all seemed to be about "coloreds" who could "pass" as white. It was the era of Stanley Kramer and significance. Nice, sweet *Pinky* was raped by racists and Sidney Poitier began the ascent to sainthood and box-office success despite the rather bizarre sexual restrictions with which he was surrounded.

And what of the *new* black films themselves? Most, I'm afraid, look terribly old-fashioned: the same old stere- →

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otypes pop up—especially where women are concerned—and the funkiest of trappings cannot hide the fact. The Kumba Workshop of Chicago has remarked of some recent characterizations that if they present an actual picture of black reality today, then "all the racist politicians and social scientists who have called black people lazy, dumb, oversexed and generally inferior to whites are correct!" Passing over the more abysmal offerings in decent silence, one is left with three black directors who are producing works of some distinction, and they have yet to extend themselves to their full capabilities.

Ossie Davis' *Cotton Comes to Harlem* was the forerunner of the boom, and still one of its sharpest offspring. A modest comedy-thriller which became the year's great box-office bonanza, it was almost 100 per cent a black creation. (Producer Sam Goldwyn Jr. did what he could to compensate by buying the rights to a further six novels by *Cotton*'s author, Chester Himes, with the result that a sequel is now in production.) But *Cotton*, though amusing, well-acted and directed with great flair, was a slight piece on a small theme. Mr. Davis has long been one of the leading black artists in the U.S. and one would like to see him tackle something more ambitious. Gordon Parks' *The Learning Tree* and *Shaft* both have a strong whiff of the Forties about them, despite the contemporary settings of the latter.

The most innovative of these films is Melvin Van Peebles' *Sweet Sweetback*. Although I normally distrust and detest movies which peddle sex 'n' violence under the aegis of aesthetic necessity, there is here a sense of something deeper, of unresolved tragedy in this charade about a spiritual waif of the ghetto who kills two policemen and is hunted across the Californian deserts to freedom—which is, God save us, Mexico. Van Peebles is a poet who sees the skins of "reality"; his movie is sickening, filled with hate and sometimes amateurish, but there's something there. Most black critics and writers, incidentally, have loathed it.

The boom is far from over, and we may yet see more truly original creative talents emerge. Quincy Jones is producing a movie about Mammy Pleasants, a famous abolitionist of the 1860s; Diana Ross will play Billie Holiday, in a film biography of the great singer. And the first all-black horror film is already in the can. It is called—what else—*Blacula!* □

RODMAN

(Continued from page 519)

bottleneck in our education," he added, "is the lack of qualified *teachers*. In the Northeast most teachers haven't finished four years of primary school. In our state we spend more on education than the federal government spends for the whole of Brazil, and the fifty thousand in our colleges are getting practical training for the first time. Still," he concluded, "we're up against things like what just happened to Channel 2 the other day when our military governor replaced six of the eight-man governing board with his stooges. The immediate effect was the cancellation of the American program *Sesame Street*, because its contract rules forbid it to be tampered with or given political coloration."

If Passarinho is going to bring the rest of the country up to São Paulo's level, he's going to have to get a larger appropriation and pay teachers at least as much as domestics. But more important still, teachers in higher education are going to have to be encouraged to think for themselves and speak freely. For without such freedom, the industrial advance itself is bound to slow down, Brazil will become more than ever dependent on foreign research and technology, and the whole country's direction will be a repudiation of the personality that makes it so spontaneously warm-hearted and colorful. Already the decision to bulldoze the *favelas* and move the squatters into "modern" unneighborly beehive-like apartment blocks miles out of town—instead of giving the aesthetically beautiful shanty-towns good sanitary and police facilities, and clean drinking water—is depriving Rio of half its soul.

In Recife, Dom Helder told me that a general had asked him to say a Mass to celebrate the anniversary of the 1964 revolution. When he said he couldn't, and the general had asked him why, he had replied: "Because, my general, I am still waiting for the revolution." If "revolution" is to be interpreted in its broadest sense—and not as a bloody uprising of the landless to turn big farms into small ones, as the archbishop's critics claim he would like to see—he may be right. And there may still be time to bring it off, in the peaceful Brazilian tradition, if administrators of good will like Médici and Passarinho can shift the revolution's focus from technology to humanism before it is too late. □

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What we meant was that Houston was too good for Weiss. —ED.

Nixonomics

Though I much enjoyed your slap at "Nixonomics" [Mar. 31], I must object to your association, even in jest, of John Maynard Keynes with Nixon's authoritarian economic policies of late (e.g., wage-price controls). The inference that Lord Keynes supported such measures is quite wrong and quite unfair.

Keynes opposed direct economic controls and favored economic stabilization by a mixture of fiscal and monetary policies leaving individual decisions to the market. He was so appalled by the socialist tendency of postwar Britain that he wrote concerning F. A. Hayek's libertarian classic, *The Road to Serfdom*, that he agreed "most passionately" with the free-market argument contained therein.

On the record, it is clear that Keynes was closer in economic policy and political philosophy to Milton Friedman than to John Kenneth Galbraith.

The continual smearing of Keynes by American conservatives is a bit baffling. If one seeks a devil to blame for the New Deal's damage, won't FDR do?

Rockville, Md. H. E. FRECH III

CCLU, Anyone?

It was with much interest that I read Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s column "The Decline of the ACLU" [Feb. 4]. I am a student at Queens College of the City University of New York and, as has been reported by your magazine, have been involved in several legal proceedings with the college administration. In the first action, we were successful in having the entire student fee program in the City University declared illegal; however, the City has appealed the decision and we don't know the final outcome. In a second proceeding, our Young Americans for Freedom chapter sought the right to have a military recruiter speak at the college (which the college refused to allow despite a free-speech policy); we also won that case, and now the military is free to come on campus for the first time in almost six years. A third case, which requested city police on campus to combat heavy drug use and student disorders, was dismissed on the ground that the court felt that it couldn't interfere with the discretion exercised by New York City officials.

Now, how did we manage to achieve so much in the courts? For the student fee case, I tried several times to enlist American Civil Liberties Union support, since I was compelled to support a newspaper which was political, pornographic, drug-oriented and insulting to organized religion; ACLU ignored my letters and denied my requests for an interview when I subsequently called them. What the other student involved in the case and I had to do was painstakingly raise funds ourselves and hire a lawyer. National YAF was very cooperative in this endeavor but we still had to donate our own meager funds and a considerable amount of time. The right to have a military speaker on campus was handled free of charge by a very ethical and dedicated lawyer, Thomas J. Dillon of Jamaica, Queens. The police on campus proceeding, directed against Mayor Lindsay and the police department, was handled as a student project by Queens College YAF members.

Mr. Dillon is also involved in several other notable causes, including the successful injunction in the abortion issue (he entered *amicus curiæ*). One afternoon, Mr. Dillon mentioned to me that his goal was the formation of a lawyers' guild or association which would protect the rights of groups long neglected, namely conservatives and moderates, both of whom have no place to turn when their rights have been abrogated. Such an organization could handle cases such as Mr. Buckley's meritorious suit against the television union and those involving colleges which need straightening out. We would need lawyers willing to devote time or donors willing to support such an organization.

A Conservative Civil Liberties Union could become a very formidable group, even as the ACLU, despite its small numbers, is a highly powerful association and, as matters stand now, wins most of the time.

Far Rockaway, N.Y. MICHAEL FELLNER

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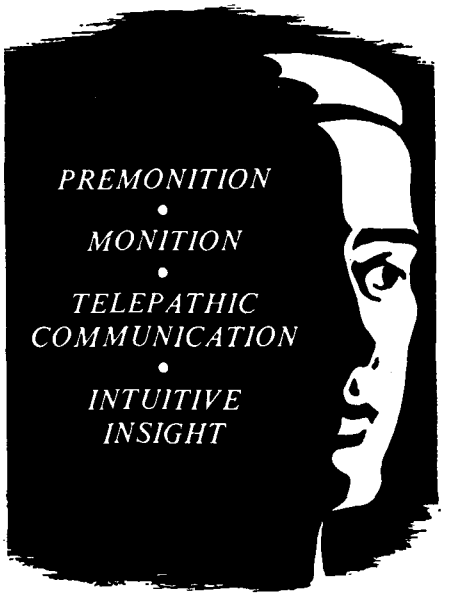

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GELTMAN

(Continued from page 522)

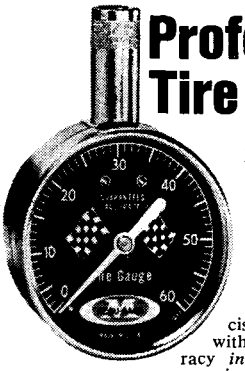
but he will shave a commitment if by doing so it will gain him a bit of extra homage. He once said that he would never set foot in the United States so long as Richard Nixon was alive. Recently, however, he came to our shores to receive an award from the New York PEN Club. This gracious event took place the evening of April 10 at the Hotel Pierre where seven hundred poets, essayists and novelists assembled to honor the 1971 winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature. A highlight of the evening was a message from President Nixon welcoming the honored guest to America, whereupon the distinguished audience gave vent to boos, catcalls and a display of derision. It called forth an apology from playwright Arthur Miller to the guest of honor for this disruptive contribution—from the White House.

Three days later Comrade Neruda was invited to participate in a symposium at Columbia University where he received a rousing ovation after he read a poem dedicated to the poor and downtrodden people of Puerto Rico, oppressed by a brutal American imperialism. He was now ready to leave to take up his new duties as Chile's Marxist ambassador to the court of M. and Mme. Pompidou, but not before he was asked by an inquisitive reporter to comment on the obstacles erected by the Soviet regime to Solzhenitsyn's reception of *his* Nobel award. Visibly upset, the "gentle, compassionate descendant of Cervantes," as he was introduced to the assembly of scholars and educators at Columbia, irritably declaimed that he was not interested in that "boring affair," adding, "I have no intention of becoming an instrument for anti-Soviet propaganda."

But don't get me wrong. Neruda can sing of life and death as a poet should. So if he sometimes sees the "high noon" when it is darkest in the human breast, he can—if necessary—see the "swollen grape . . . in Chile [where] cherries are dancing [and] the dark mysterious girls are singing." (But the "dark mysterious girls" have of late become less mysterious than ever. Recently they were out with pots and pans making a deafening din of their discontent in the ears of Neruda's favorite *presidente*.)

In 1953 he was awarded the Stalin Prize; a little later the Lenin Prize; now the Nobel Prize. Neruda loves honors, as he loves this earth. He once said, "I have no wish to change my planet."

Can't say I blame him for that. □



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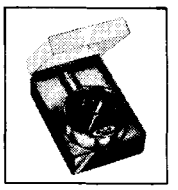

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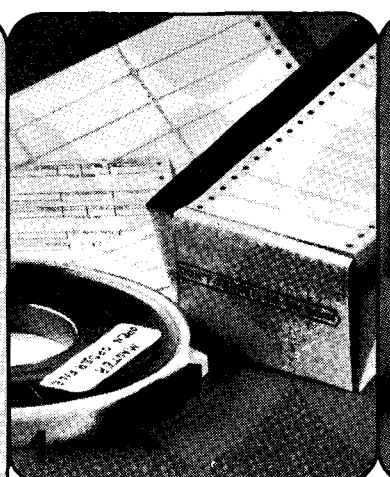
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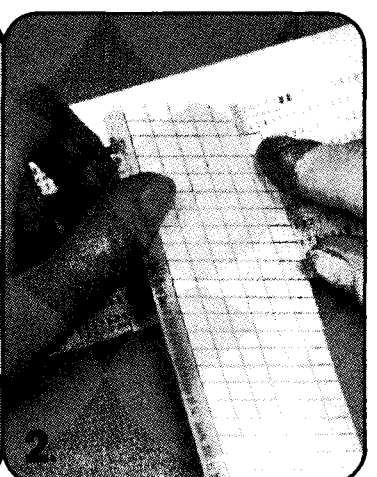
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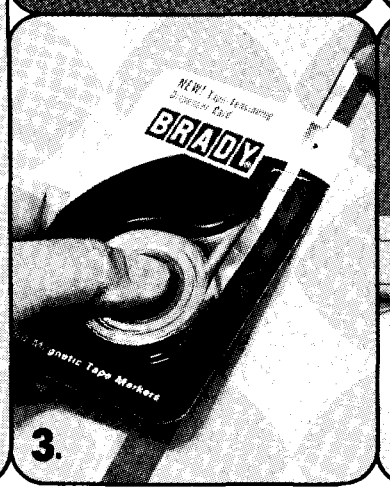

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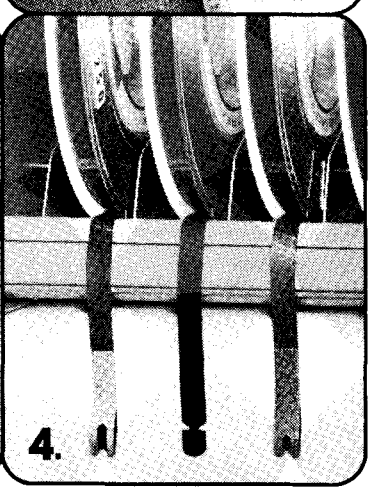
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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

The Pressure on Nixon

New York, April 20—It would be good to be able to say that the bombing of North Vietnam had left the critics of Mr. Nixon speechless, but alas no. Vesuvius finally shut off, but never the appeasers. Their supply of funk is inexhaustible. The best that can be said about them is that they have been rendered incoherent.

Do you remember the argument that said there is no point in bombing North Vietnam because it doesn't do any good, all it does is fortify North Vietnamese resolution? Remember? *New York Times*, April 17: "Only massive American bombing, including heavy raids in North Vietnam itself, enabled the South Vietnam forces to halt the Communist advance." Suddenly we are told to believe that it has been the aerial intervention of the United States that has turned the tide.

ALTHOUGH the raids would appear to be the most obvious response to the brazen military aggression of the North Vietnamese, the critics of bombing reach for every conceivable excuse to find fault with the dutiful reaction of President Nixon. "America's involvement in the Vietnam war," says the *New York Times*, "cannot be satisfactorily ended until this country obtains the release of its prisoners of war. Every new air raid means more pilots shot down and captured. The number of American prisoners steadily grows. Thus, every raid not only brings death and devastation to Vietnam but postpones the end of the war." Here is a gold mine of paralogisms. a) The more prisoners the North Vietnamese hold, the more anxious the United States is to give in in return for the release of the prisoners. b) It is just as easy to release a thousand prisoners as to release five hundred prisoners. So that c) the increase in U.S. prisoners, if it has any effect at all on the war, would tend to shorten, not lengthen it.

The foreign critics are of course reliably one-sided. Of the eleven thousand Swedes who paraded their resentment outside the American ambassador's residence in Sweden, not one is recorded to have objected to the use by the North Vietnamese of Russian tanks to invade South Vietnamese villages. The new morality. One sometimes fantasizes that the Scandinavians have discovered some kind of sexual kick in criticizing the United States: a fetish of sorts that provides a kinky kind of stimulation. The morning's news carries the report of an observer who examined a Russian tank just north of An Loc. He discovered that its dead North Vietnamese driver had been chained to his post. During the past three years it has been increasingly difficult to conscript South Vietnamese help for the North Vietnamese invaders. Manifestly it is becoming difficult to conscript North Vietnamese aid for the North Vietnamese invasion. It would be interesting to hear Prime Minister Palme discuss this aspect of the struggle, since he has so refined a nose for poignancy.

While greatly admiring President Nixon's resolution to hold the line, there is really no way of coping adequately with the thrust of some of his critics. Most of them are now pretty well committed to the notion of retreat, and most of those who now bewail the protracted war would have lashed out against President Kennedy or President Johnson if either of them had moved decisively to stop that war cold, saving the world the mountainous casualties which are the result of American ambiguity. But the consistent critics—Barry Goldwater, for instance—are increasingly justified. What we attempted to do was to substitute a sort of social-political position for a military position. We refused, over the years, to neutralize the military threat. And so it rises again, and again; and will again, until it is put out of action. □

ITT-TALK *New York*, April 22—I found myself saying, when asked about it before a college audience a week ago, that the safest thing to do was to assume a little venality all the way around in the ITT affair, but that one should be very careful not to come to the conclusion that the transaction was in any sense different from the kind of thing that would be considered routine in a Democratic Administration. But as the facts settled down, I am drawn to the judgment that the Senate, in holding back its confirmation of Richard Kleindienst, is flirting with injustice.

Consider. The legend was that ITT had pledged $400,000 to the Republican Party in return for a favorable decision by the Justice Department. Finally it transpired that $100,000 had been paid over, and another $100,000 had been pledged, not directly to the GOP but to the San Diego Convention Bureau, and that the second $100,000 was contingent on the Republican Party's use of the three San Diego Sheraton Hotels. The grand total involved turns out to be less than was spent on promoting the opening of the Sheraton's Waikiki Hotel. In other words, the promotion money put up and pledged was conventional in the hotel business.

On the other hand, the hypothesis that a colossus like ITT would risk so much in public disfavor by entering into the kind of a deal described so lasciviously by the neurotic Mrs. Beard is simply implausible. Even as it is implausible that a U.S. Attorney General would risk the reputation of a political Administration by consummating a deal during a five-minute cocktail conversation at the Kentucky Derby when all he stood to get out of it was financing for a national convention which financing was readily available in the first place. The point is that implausibilities are the principal enemies of the case for conspiracy.

THE DISPARITIES between what is publicly accepted as true and what actually is true continue. The assertion was that the Justice Department had dropped three antitrust suits against ITT. In fact, ITT won two of the three suits. And we have the word of the Solicitor General Erwin Griswold, former dean of the Harvard Law School, that the concessions wrested by the Justice Department from ITT were greater than anything Justice was likely to get from litigation. Bear this in mind, that antimonopoly legislation does not traditionally prevent a giant company from acquiring businesses in fields unrelated to its principal activity—and for good reason. An economy is more competitive with two hundred diversified giants competing with one another in one thousand markets than it would be with

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one thousand smaller non-conglomerates each one monopolizing a single product.

It may have proved to be sound public policy for the ITT to have relinquished control of its two small insurance companies when it acquired the Hartford Company, but as a matter of law, insurance, an unconcentrated industry, is exempt from antitrust. There is no law against the big company—only against monopolies. The resources available to ITT could in any case have been used to augment its size. All it had to do was buy or create more companies in different fields.

THE FINAL surprise comes from the general indignation at the efforts of the president of ITT to try to defend his company in his dealings with government officials who dallied with the temptation of breaking the company up. What else is a president of a company supposed to do, if not defend his company's policies? And then it is held to be wrong that ITT should have (allegedly) concerned itself to frustrate attempts to confiscate its properties in Chile. Or that ITT officials should sell stock in anticipation of an unfavorable agreement . . . very confusing.

Mr. Jack Anderson should reflect on the adage about those who live by the sword. If we are to put the worst conceivable construction on all associations no matter how casual, how are we going to deal with the photograph of Dita Beard and Anderson's secretary, Opal Ginn, taken at a cocktail party? Why is that less suspicious than a photograph of Dita Beard and John Mitchell at another cocktail party? We are supposed to be very suspicious about witnesses' failure to remember conversations they insist are insignificant, and to be altogether understanding about rather significant lapses from the prosecution. There was for instance the front page photo, showing "W. R. Merriman, head of ITT's office" in Washington, whispering in John Mitchell's ear. Only it turned out that the gentleman in question wasn't W. R. Merriman, head of ITT's office in Washington, but rather Maridan, Justice Department aide: a correction wired by UPI which however did not get into all the newspaper accounts.

So that, pending more evidence, you have a disavowed memo allegedly written by a nonentity of dubious reliability: in exchange for which we are asked to question the integrity of past and acting U.S. Attorneys General, the head of the antitrust division of the Justice Department, the Solicitor General, the former Governor of Kentucky and the President of the United States. The alternative is to suppose that the Sheraton Hotels in San Diego were prepared to do what Sheraton Hotels everywhere would be prepared to do apropos a national political convention. Take your choice. □

THE THEORY OF JACK ANDERSON

New York, May 1—So I said to Jack Anderson, "Mr. Anderson, I'd like to know whether you believe that I have the right to go through your files and to disclose their content in my newspaper column?" And Jack Anderson said, "No. I don't think you have that right because I am not a public official." And I said, with that succinctness for which I am famous: "a) The Supreme Court, in its rulings on libel, has pretty much dismissed the distinction between a public official and a public figure; b) there is no question about it that you, Mr. Anderson, are a public figure; indeed c) you are more influential than most public officials—so why, if you are entitled to see the files of Presidents and senators and cabinet ministers, why am I not entitled to see your files?" To which Mr. Anderson replies—lamely, I think—that okay, he'll show me his files, if I'll show him mine. To which I reply: No, I won't let you see mine, but my position is consistent, because I don't assert the right to see the private files of the President. But yours is inconsistent because you assert the right to see theirs, while denying them the right to see yours.

SO IT WENT—so it goes—and it is very difficult indeed to wrest from Mr. Anderson the theory by which he exercises the right gleefully to disclose and to dwell upon the working papers of government officials. I tried another tack . . .

Look, I said, I think you are right when you say that there is a conflict of interest implicit in the arrangement whereby the same man who classifies a document as confidential has the sole authority to declassify it, and I grant that that authority is usually exercised in a self-serving way. That is, public officials tend to release documents that make them look good, and suppress documents that make them look bad. Now: wouldn't you agree that by the same token there is a conflict of interest as regards your publication of secret documents? I mean, here you are telling us that you would not in fact give out secret documents that come to you if they imperil the national interest. But as a newspaperman and a sensationalist, aren't you naturally inclined to further your interest rather than your country's interest, even as you accuse the politicians of doing?

Well, said Mr. Anderson, he would like it if a perfectly impartial tribunal (by the way, there is no such thing) were in charge of decisions about what documents should be kept secret and what documents should be declassified.

Okay, I said but why shouldn't there then be a tribunal that passes on which of the documents that come into your possession should be publicized by you and which should be kept secret? Surely if a tribunal is appropriate to guard against self-serving tendencies of public officials, a tribunal is equally appropriate to guard against self-serving tendencies of newspapermen?

Well, said Mr. Anderson, if the government agrees to set up such a tribunal, I'd agree to go along. So, said I: What is the reason for waiting for the government? Isn't it an approach toward what is desirable to set up a tribunal to pass on your own disclosures?

Dead end.

Mr. Anderson's difficulty, as a theorist, is that he cannot accost the question of public privacy except in terms of evil-doing. Now it is absolutely and obviously and unmistakably clear that public officials are very frequently engaged in such evil activity as hypocrisy, cynicism, dissimulation, the whole bit. Everybody who is running for President at this very moment is engaging in the kind of rhetoric that an undereducated mule would not take seriously. But it does not follow from this that a government official is required to send a copy of all his private papers to Jack Anderson, to do with as Anderson sees fit.

When he disclosed the minutes of the special White House group that faced the problem of the India-Pakistan war, Anderson justified himself by saying that there was a great discrepancy between what Henry Kissinger had said was official U.S. policy (namely, neutrality), and what the minutes actually disclosed was U.S. policy. The White House denied the discrepancy, whereupon Mr. Anderson gave out the whole of the minutes. Now these included—as an example—the statement by one U.S. official talking at the round table with a dozen assistants of the President: "The Department of Agriculture says the price of vegetable oil is weakening and it would help us domestically . . . to ship oil to India." And, from the Chief of Naval Operations, "The Soviet military ambition in this exercise is to obtain permanent usage of the port of Visakhapatnam." Both of these expressions are, to put it formally, intimate: and their disclosure has nothing whatever to do with the hypocrisy imputed to Henry Kissinger.

WHAT IS THE theory of our right to hear such spontaneously expressed opinions?—which would simply not have been expressed in the first place if it were known that they would end on Jack Anderson's desk. The gentleman, in fact, has no theory of his right to the information. He has, merely, a squatter's right, and is better off forgetting the theory and confining himself to saying: I'll do it as long as I can get away with it. That is a theory of sorts. □

(Washington Star, Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Carlyle's birthplace — 2 23 64 174 185 210 10 73 87 96

B. Official postponement of military service — 82 146 218 35 184 17 199 62 125

C. John Wesley's birthplace — 90 18 121 212 124 169 126

D. Where a monster has been seen—by some people — 202 216 159 9 189 21 72 154

E. Drive carefully—don't be a: — 134 178 5 186 151 204 206 83 142

F. How the Washington Senators went out — 27 32 14 86 47 67 78 103 215 129

G. A Scotch mathematician — 153 24 89 109 63 127

H. Something, as a muscle, that shortens — 110 123 11 20 55 74 84 120 152 163

I. A widely cultivated Asiatic herb of the lily family with pungent edible bulbs — 77 26 37 46 57

J. Unscramble SMOOTH ON — 118 183 191 25 205 165 211 85

K. A comprehensive schedule — 173 91 180 6 171 105 42

L. Mourned by no one — 19 66 59 107 79 28

M. Stress — 12 167 75 48 69 93 141

N. To listen secretly to what is said in private — 128 51 30 203 70 147 94 16 214

O. The highest point — 34 43 65 92

P. Unusual given name of a famous scientist — 161 111 97 76 31 139 175 80

Q. What many a Rockefeller dime was spent to obtain — 1 15 29 38 45 50 56 106 114 122 136 143

R. A former Secretary of War — 166 140 52 160 112

S. An English mathematician — 8 53 148 155 99 207 113 188 36

T. What Father Time carries — 197 149 130 39 60 162

U. A light open set of shelves for bric-a-brac — 49 156 132 150 168 115 40

V. To chant — 170 116 158 41 176 61

W. A written agreement between two nations — 102 133 200 208 164 193

X. A weapon used in hunting whales — 187 137 181 144 217 192 209

Y. A Greek mathematician — 157 22 98 13 135 182 104 58 194 198

Z. Having certain organs that droop — 213 117 33 172 195 145 177 138

x. To uphold a lower court's action — 3 101 179 190 196 201

y. Enter this annuity among your assets — 44 54 4 71 81

z. A component in a computer into which information can be stored — 68 88 95 100 108 119

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 542 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

1 Q	2 A	■	3 x	4 y	■	5 E	6 K	7 A	■	8 S	9 D	10 A	11 H	■	12 M	13 Y	14 F	■	15 Q
16 M	17 B	18 C	19 L	20 H	21 D	22 Y	■	23 A	24 G	25 J	26 I	27 F	28 L	■	29 Q	30 N	31 P	32 F	■
33 Z	34 O	35 B	36 S	37 I	38 Q	39 T	■	40 U	41 V	42 K	43 O	44 y	45 Q	46 I	47 F	48 M	■	49 U	50 Q
51 N	52 R	53 S	54 y	55 H	■	56 Q	57 I	58 Y	■	59 L	60 T	61 V	62 B	■	63 G	64 A	65 O	66 L	67 F
68 z	69 M	70 N	71 y	72 D	■	73 A	74 H	75 M	76 P	77 I	78 F	■	79 L	80 P	81 y	82 B	83 E	84 H	85 J
■	86 F	87 A	88 z	■	89 G	90 C	91 K	92 O	93 M	94 N	95 z	96 A	97 P	98 Y	99 S	■	100z	101x	■
102W	103F	104Y	■	105K	106Q	107L	108z	109G	110H	111P	112R	■	113S	114Q	115U	116V	117Z	118J	119z
■	120H	121C	122Q	■	123H	124C	■	125B	126C	127G	128N	129F	■	130T	131F	132U	133W	134E	■
135Y	136Q	■	137X	138Z	139P	140R	141M	142E	143Q	■	144X	145Z	146B	147N	148S	149T	150U	151E	152H
153G	154D	■	155S	156U	157Y	158V	■	159D	160R	161P	162T	163H	■	164W	165J	166R	■	167M	168U
169C	170V	171K	172Z	■	173K	174A	175P	176V	177Z	178E	■	179x	180K	181X	■	182Y	183J	184B	185A
■	186E	187X	188S	189D	■	190x	191J	192X	■	193W	194Y	195Z	196x	197T	■	198Y	199B	200E	201x
■	202D	203N	204E	205J	■	206E	207S	208W	209X	■	210A	211J	212C	213Z	214N	215F	216D	217X	218B

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